

JULY

No. 13

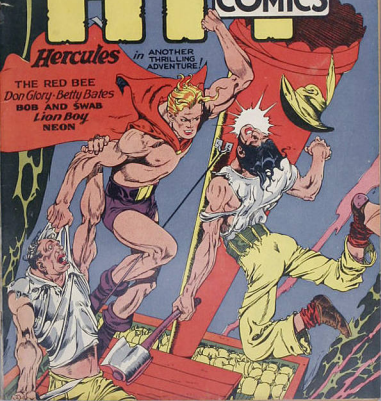
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HIT COMICS

Hercules in ANOTHER
THRILLING ADVENTURE!

THE RED BEE
Don Glory · Betty Bates
BOB AND SWAB
Lion Boy
NEON





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

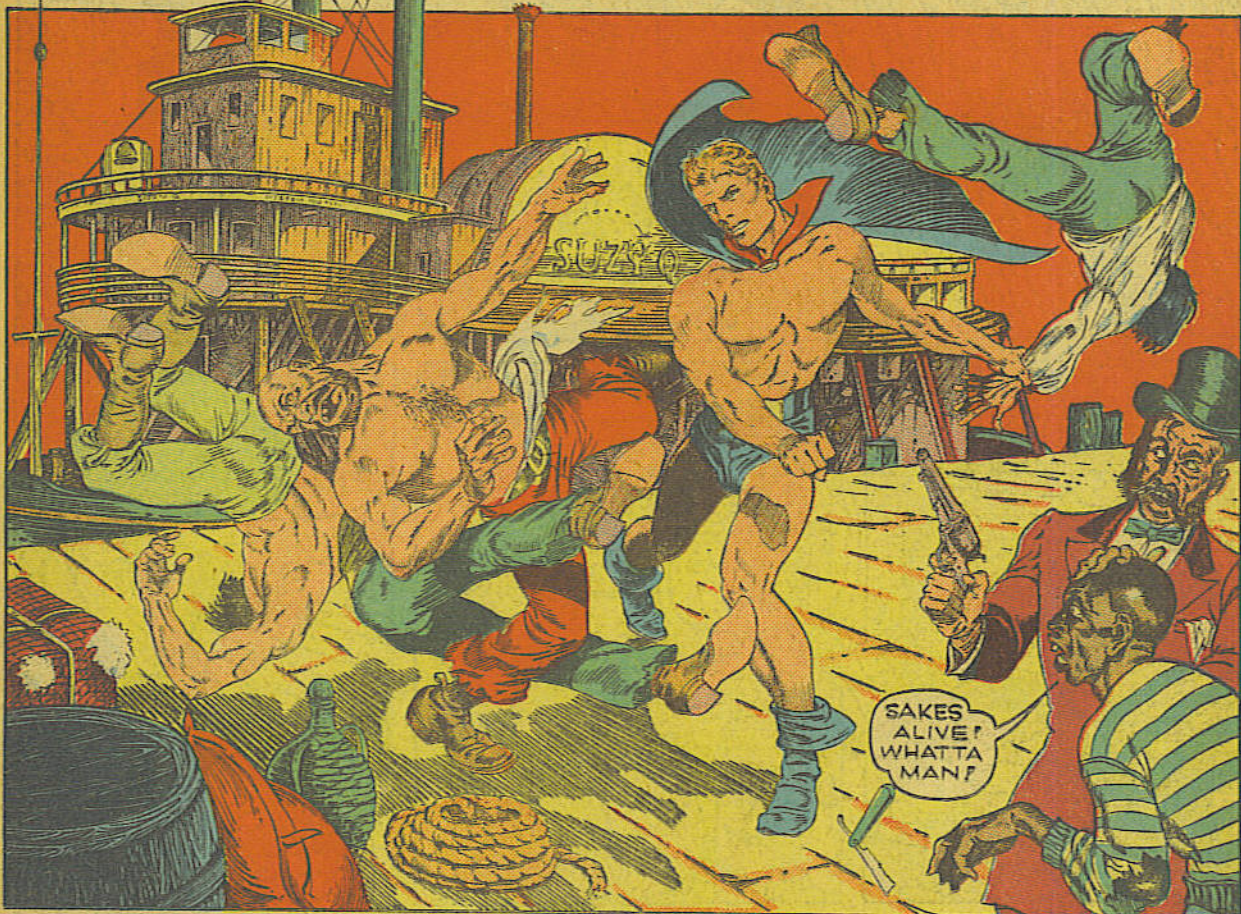
Abstract



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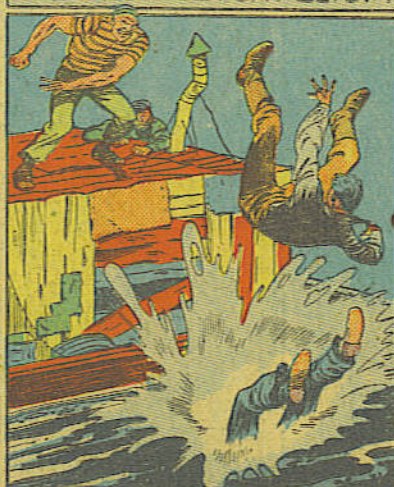
Hercules

 BY
Gregg
Powers


TRAPPERS IN THEIR HOUSE-BOAT, FLOATING DOWN THE BROAD STRETCHES OF THE GREAT MISSISSIPPI ARE SUDDENLY ATTACKED BY RIVER RATS.

THE RENEGADES TOSS THEIR VICTIMS INTO THE SWIRLING WATERS, AND THEN PLUNDER THE VALUABLE FUR PELTS.

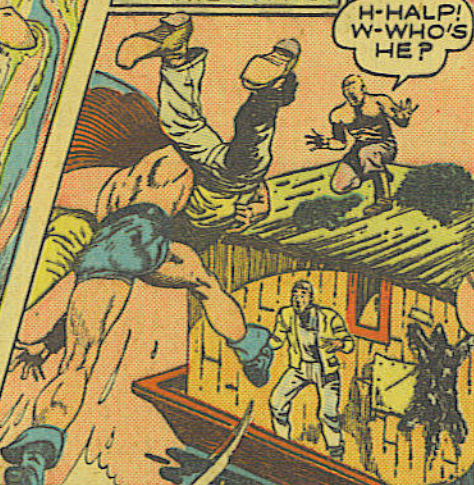
SUDDENLY A FIGURE APPEARS ON THE LEVEE. IT SWOOPS INTO THE RUSHING CURRENT.



IT IS HERCULES!! QUICKLY HE GRABS THE TWO DROWNING TRAPPERS.



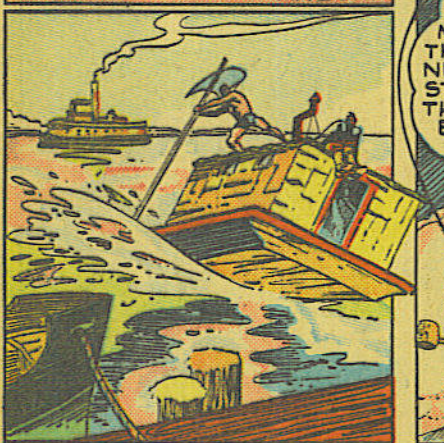
AND WITH A MIGHTY LEAP LEAVES THE SURGING FLOW, BOTH VICTIMS IN HIS ARMS.



FURIOUSLY, HERCULES TOSSES THE VANDALS ON TO THEIR OWN ODOROUS SCOW.



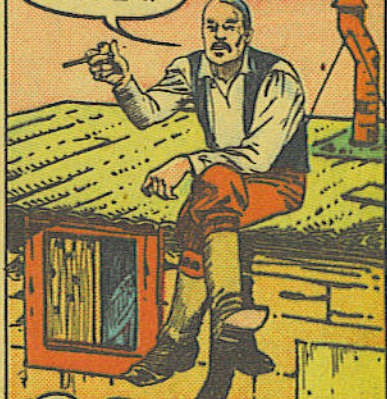
THEN, CATCHING A FORTY-FOOT POLE FROM FLOATING DRIFTWOOD, HERCULES HEADS THE SHANTY-BEAT TO NEW ORLEANS HARBOR.



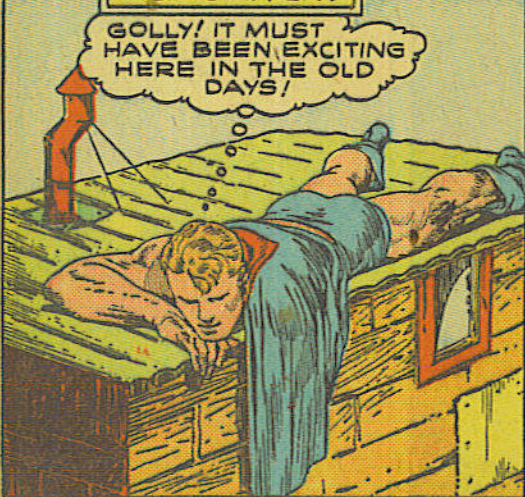
WE SHO'ARE GRATEFUL, STRANGER!



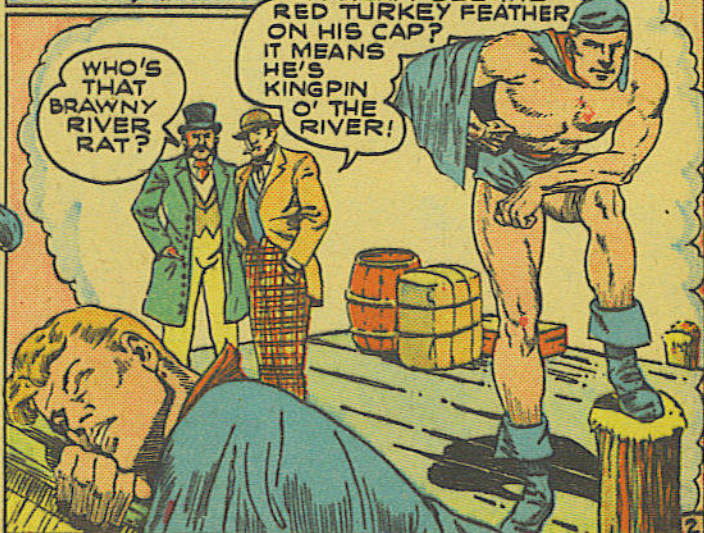
OL' MAN RIVER'S JES! ACTIN' FUNNY...WE CAIN'T NEVER TELL WHEN HE'LL RISE OR FALL..EF'N THIS KEEPS UP, OUR BOTTOM LANDS'LL GO UNDER!



HERCULES TAKES IT EASY ATOP THE HOUSE-BOAT ROOF, AND MUSES AS HE WATCHES THE RISING WATER.



SOON HE IS FAST ASLEEP, AND...



IN HIS DREAM, HERCULES IS WORKING A MISSISSIPPI FLATBOAT DOWN TO NEW ORLEANS.



HIS BOAT PASSES ANOTHER GOING THE SAME WAY.



HEY THERE YOU, HERC! I'M BILL SEDLEY... I HEAR YOU'RE A RIGHT TOUGH FELLER, BUT I AIM TER PROVE OTHERWISE!

SO?

ME MOTHER WUZ A GRIZZLY B'AR AN' I GROWED UP ON RAW SNAKE OIL! I'M A HUMAN WAVE OF DESTRUCTION WHEN I'M MAD... AN' BROTHER... THAT'S JES' WHUT I AM NOW!



YOU'VE HAD YOUR SAY, SEDLEY... LET'S GET GOIN'!



BOTH CREWS CUT TO SHORE WHERE THEY FORM A RING.



TEAR HIM APART, HERC!

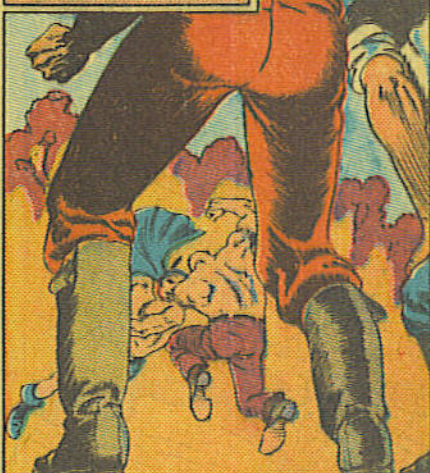
CUT 'IM TO RIBBONS, BILL!

SAY YOUR PRAYERS, BILL!

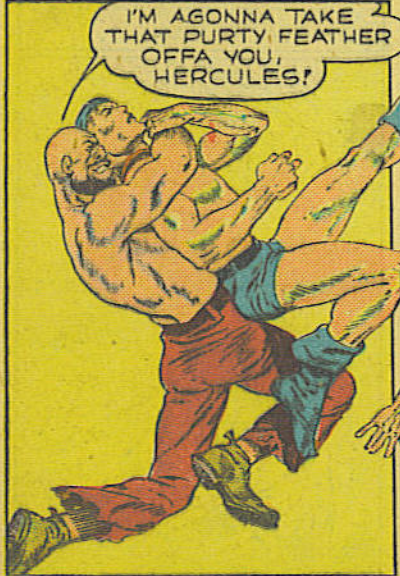
YAAHOOO!

CHAW HIM TO BITS, BILL!

STRIPPED TO THE WAIST, THE CONTESTANTS CHARGE AT EACH OTHER.



I'M AGONNA TAKE THAT PURTY FEATHER OFFA YOU, HERCULES!



NOT THIS TIME, SMALL FRY!



GOUGING, BITING, KICKING, BILL FIGHTS LIKE A PIRATE, BUT TO NO AVAIL... FINALLY HE REACHES FOR A ROCK IN THE OOZING MUD.

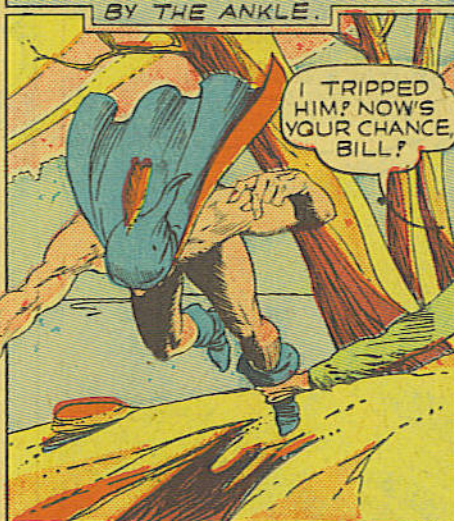


YA AIN'T GETTIN' THE BETTER UV ME!

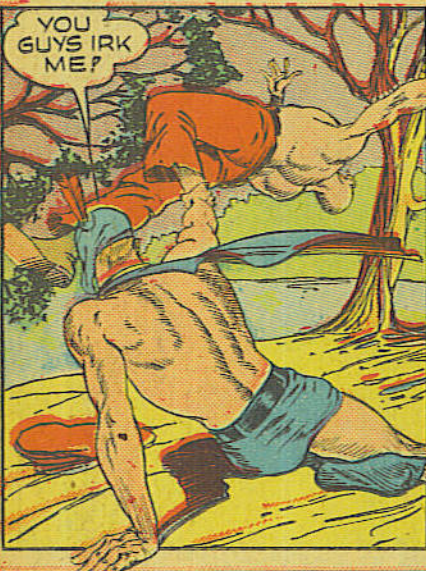
BUT SEDLEY'S ROCK HAS LITTLE EFFECT ON HERCULES.



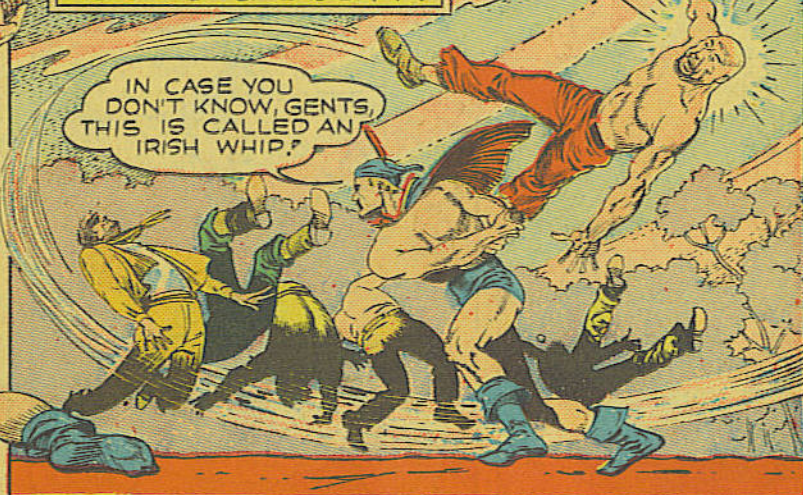
HE LUNGES TO FINISH SEDLEY, BUT A VILLAINOUS HAND GRABS HIM BY THE ANKLE.



AND BILL'S HUGE BOOT DESCENDS TO SMASH HERCULES' SKULL . . .



TURNING ON THE CREW, HE MOPS THEM UP EASILY . . .

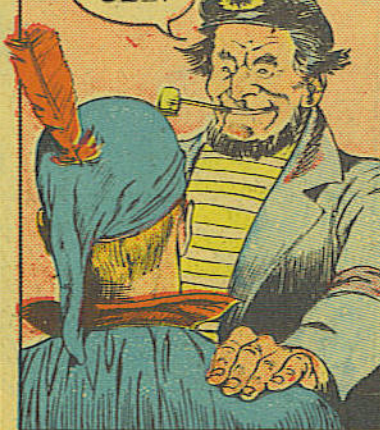


THEN HE PITCHES THE WHOLE MOB LIKE PEBBLES INTO THE RIVER.



HE RETURNS TO HIS FLAT-BOAT.

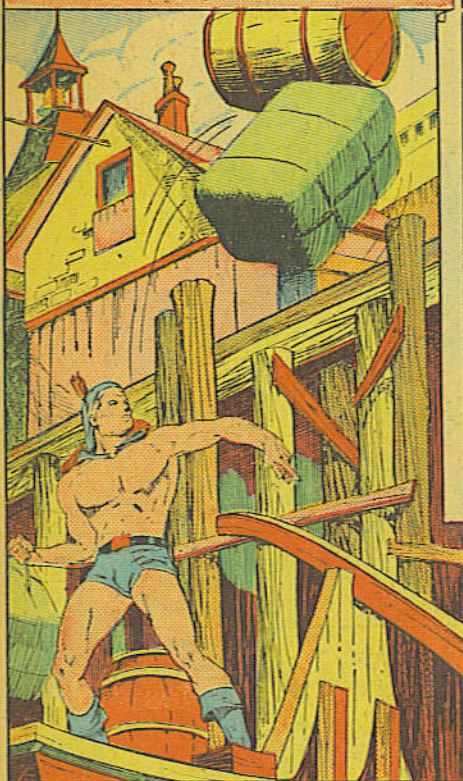
GOL DERN IT? EFN' THAT WARN'T THE SLICKEST FIGHT AH EVER DID SEE!



SOON THEY DRIFT DOWN TO NEW ORLEANS . . .



THEY TIE UP AT A DOCK, HERCULES UNLOADS, LIGHTLY TOSSING THE HEAVY CARGO ONTO THE WHARF



A MOTLEY COLLECTION OF ENVIOUS WATCHERS SOON GATHERS.



MAN... AIN'T HE POWAHFUL?

SUDDENLY.



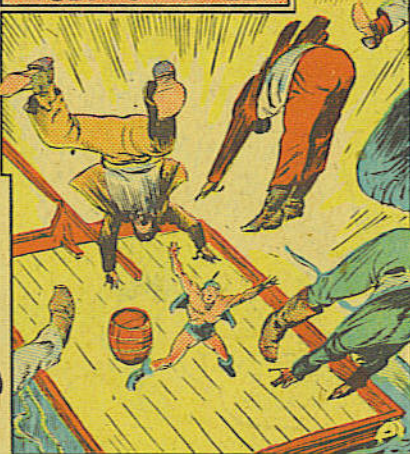
GIVE 'IM A FIGHT?

YAHOO? WE'RE HOWLIN' WOLVES?

THE RIVER RATS PILE ON HERCULES LIKE A TON OF BRICKS.



BUT THE MOUND OF HUMANITY SCATTERS LIKE CHAFF ON A WINDY DAY WHEN HERCULES RISES TO HIS FEET.



THEY LAND IN THE RIGGING OF A NEARBY SCHOONER.



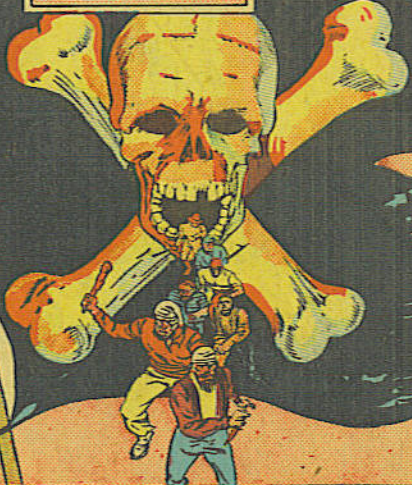
AND THERE THEY CAN STAY!

THAT NIGHT, AS HERCULES SEEKS LODGING, A CRY RINGS THROUGH THE CITY.



RIVER RISING!

RIVER PIRACY INCREASES... HELPLESS BOATS ARE EASY PICKING FOR THE FOUL PLUNDERERS.



NOBODY KNOWS THE REASON FOR THE FLOOD.



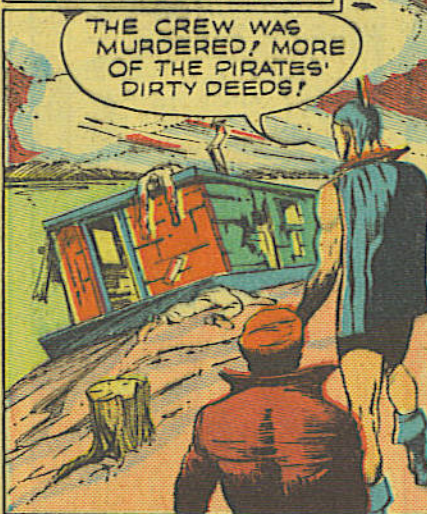
JES' OL' MAN RIBAH HABIN' HISSELF A TIME?

QUIEN SABE? (WHO KNOWS?)

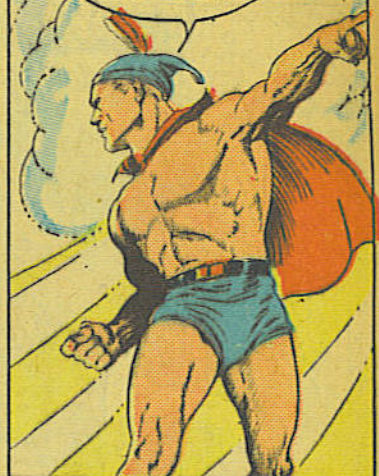
BACK AGAINST THE RAGING TORRENT HERCULES TOWS THE CAPTAIN'S FLATBOAT.



UPSTREAM THEY FIND A WRECKED HOUSEBOAT..



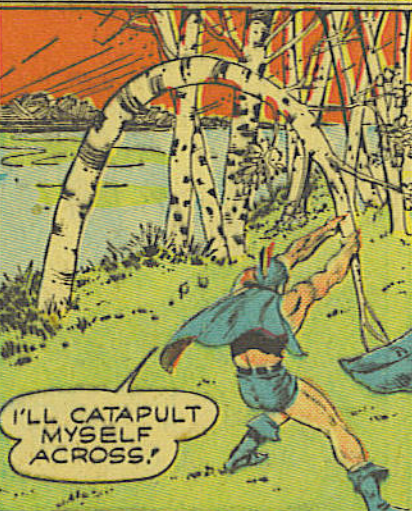
CAP'N, YOU STAY HERE WHILE I SCOUT UP YONDER!



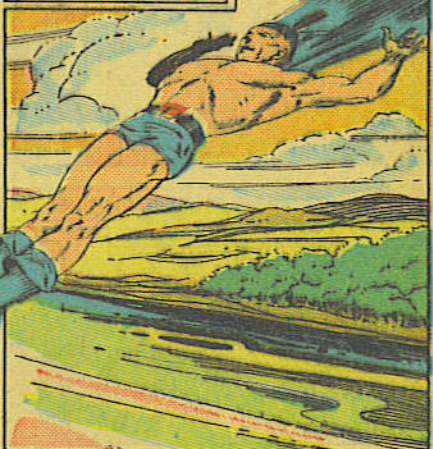
HERCULES RACES WITH GREAT STRIDES ALONG THE BANK.



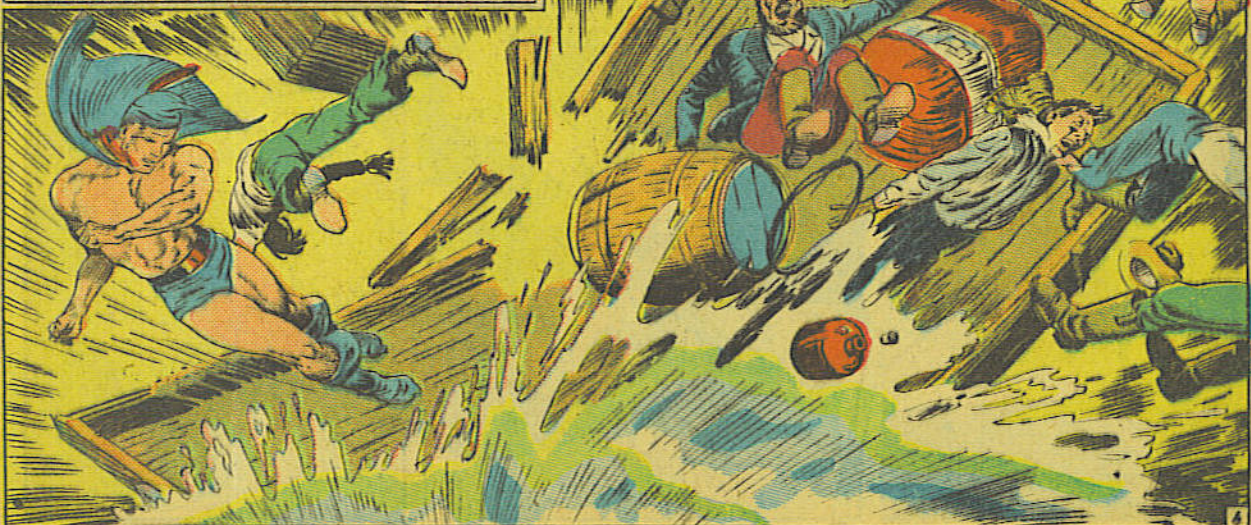
HE BENDS A SPRINGY BIRCH..



AS HE LETS GO, THE SUDDEN RELEASE SENDS HIM FLYING OVER THE WATER WITH A MIGHTY SWISH.



HE LANDS ON THE PIRATES' BOAT WITH A TORNADO OF SWIFT BLOWS.



TYING THE SCREAMING PIRATES INTO A HUGE BALE, HERCULES LEAPS ASHORE.



...WHERE HE GRILLS THE PIRATE CHIEF.



THIS FLOOD MAKES YOUR PREYING EASY... MAYBE YOU KNOW WHAT CAUSED IT?

I AIN'T TELLIN' YOU NOTHIN'!

WITH A TWIST OF HIS WRIST, HERCULES SPINS THE PIRATE ONTO HIS EAR.



IF YOU WON'T TELL ME..



YES? I'LL TALK? BUT DON'T TOSS ME LIKE THAT AGAIN.. OH, MY HEAD?



WE BROKE UP BEAVER DAMS ON THE TRIBUTARIES! THE STREAMS GUSHING DOWN MADE THE FLOOD!



FUR TRADERS' FLATBOATS WERE GROUND ON SANDBARS... THEY COULDN'T GET AWAY FROM US!

HERCULES MARCHES THE PIRATES UP TO THE FEEDER STREAMS.



THERE HE SETS THEM TO WORK



GET BUSY AND PATCH UP THOSE BEAVER DAMS?

SOON AFTER THE DAMAGE IS REPAIRED, NEWS OF HERCULES' DEED GOES UP AND DOWN THE RIVER.



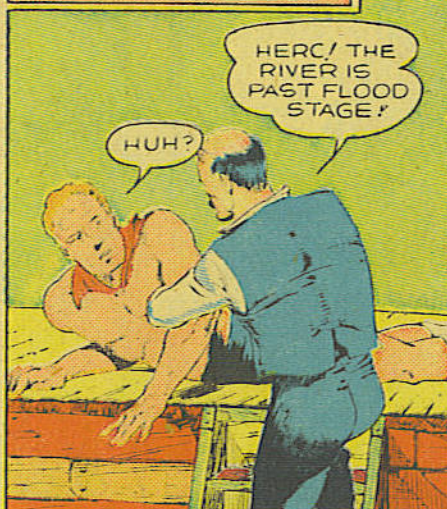
WHAT A MAN? HE BROKE UP ALL THE GANGS?

YES, AND PUT AN END TO THE FLOOD, TOO?

HERCULES IS FETED BY ALL THE BOATMEN.



SUDDENLY HERCULES IS RUDELY DETHRONED.



COTTONMOUTH SMITH AND HIS PIRATE MOB HAVE BLASTED THE DAM! THEY'RE HIDIN' OUT AT THE CREOLE HOTEL!



HERCULES SETS OFF AT ONCE.



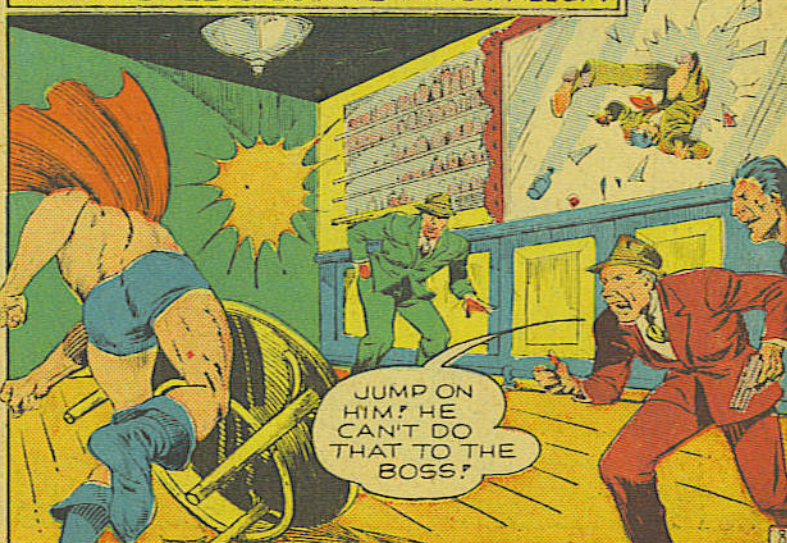
HE FINDS THE VANDALS IN THE HOTEL.



BUT SMITH DOESN'T WANT TO HEAR THE REST.

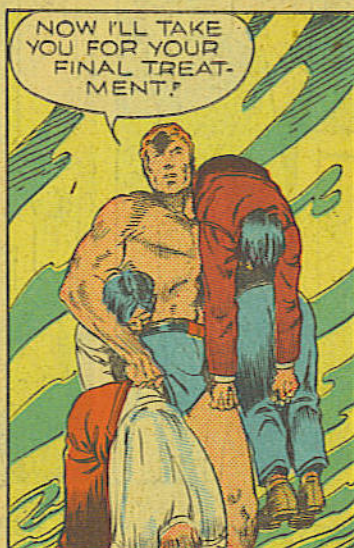
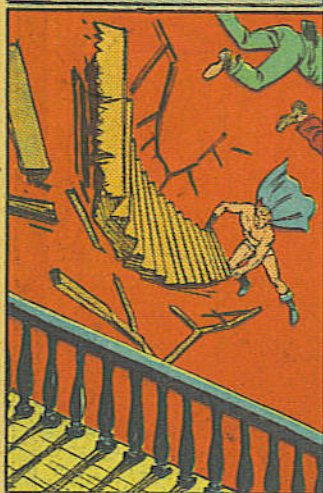


HERCULES LETS GO A TERRIFIC WALLOP.





BUT HERCULES SOON THWARTS THEIR FLIGHT.



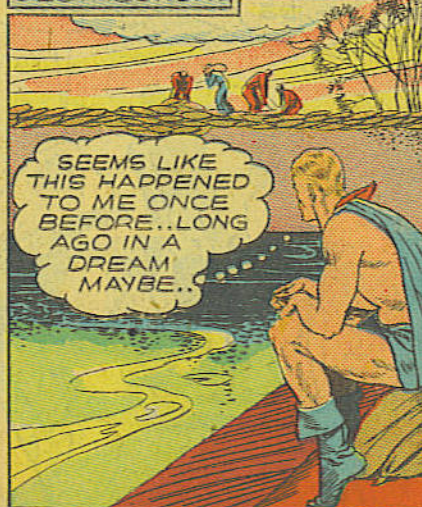
THEY REGAIN THEIR SENSES WHEN HERCULES DUNKS THEM IN THE RIVER.



THEN HE MARCHES THEM UP TO THE DAM.

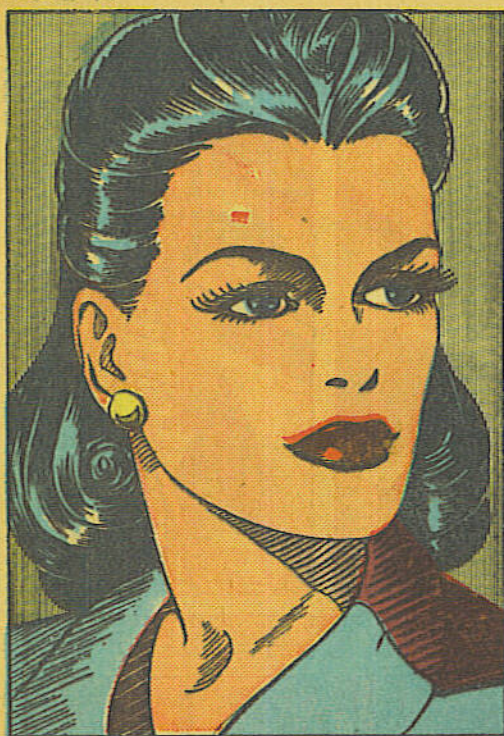


THE VANDALS ARE SET TO WORK REPAIRING THEIR DESTRUCTION.



AND HERCULES BECOMES A NEW HERO ON THE MISSISSIPPI...





Betty Bates

Lady
at
Law

Stanley Charlot

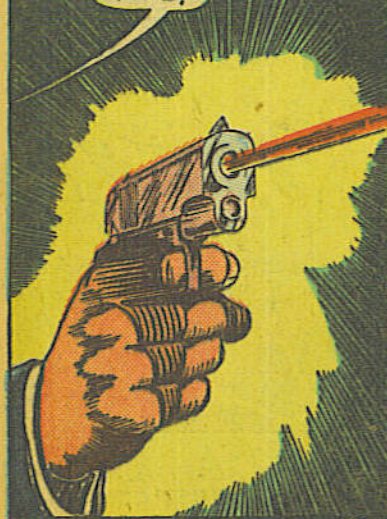
JAKE RILLING, BIG-TIME GANG BOSS, SENDS FOR HIS LAWYER.

YOU WANT TO SEE ME, JAKE?

YEAH... AND IT'S MISTER JAKE TO YOU, YA NIT-WIT MOUTHPIECE! I WANNA PAY YOU FOR SENDIN' MY BROTHER JOE TO THE JUG, DEFENSE ATTORNEY. YAH, YA YELLOW-LIVERED RAT..



TRY AND DEFEND YOURSELF FROM THIS!



AN' HE CALLED HIMSELF A LAWYER! WELL, SAM... KNOW ANYBODY ELSE WHO CAN SLIDE JOE OUT OF THAT RAPP?

WHAT ABOUT BETTY BATES? NAW... SHE USES HER HEAD. YOU WANNA LAWYER WHO USES YOUR BRAINS?

H-M-M... SHE DON'T SOUND BAD, SAM.. I'LL THINK IT OVER.. S'LONG!



THE SCENE SHIFTS TO BETTY'S OFFICE WHERE SHE IS PHONING THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY.

CONGRATS ON THE RILLING VERDICT, D.A., I READ ABOUT IT.. ER..I'LL CALL YOU LATER..SOMEBODY'S COMING IN!



IT IS JAKE RILLING, NOW ACTING THE RESPECTABLE BUSINESS MAN..

I'M JOHN RILEY..PRESIDENT OF ANAWANDA COMPANY.. I'VE HEARD OF YOUR GOOD RECORD, MISS BATES.. WILL YOU ACT AS MY LEGAL REPRESENTATIVE?



BETTY IS DELIGHTED..SHE ACCEPTS AND PREPARES TO GO WITH HIM TO A COMPANY CONFERENCE.

THIS IS A SPLENDID OPPORTUNITY TO TRY MY CORPORATION LAW, MR. RILEY!



AFTER A SHORT DRIVE. . .

HERE WE ARE!



WHEN BETTY STEPS INTO HIS OFFICE..

YA DON'T NEED THE GUN, SAM! MISS BATES IS SMART.. SHE'LL DO LIKE WE SAY AND GET A NEW TRIAL FER JOE. WON'T YOU?

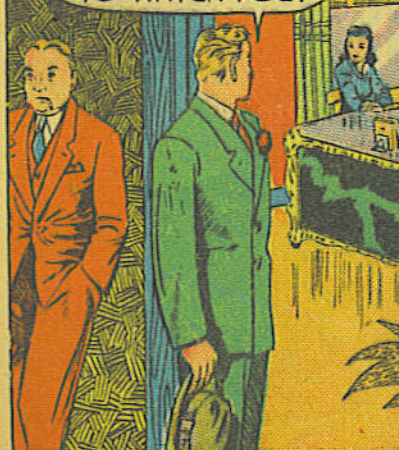


THE RILLING GANG! WELL, I'LL CATCH THIS FLY WITH HONEY!

ER..YES, MR. RILEY!



THIS IS YOUR OFFICE.. FIGURE OUT A NEW DEFENSE FER JOE RILLING! THERE'S A GUARD OUT HERE TO WATCH YOU!



AT THE CLOSE OF JOE'S RETRIAL

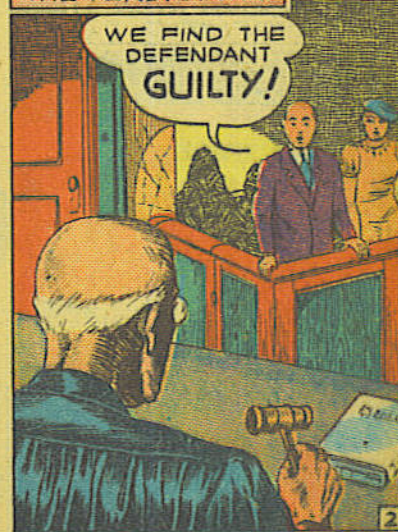
IN SUMMATION, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY..

THAT DAME AIN'T CONVINCING THE JURY! WELL, IF SHE DON'T GET JOE FREE, SHE CAN START PRAYIN'!



THE JURY RETURNS WITH THE VERDICT. . .

WE FIND THE DEFENDANT GUILTY!



AS BETTY LEAVES THE COURT, HER FRIEND THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY, STOPS HER.



LOST YOUR CASE, BETTY? YOU SLIPPING? MAYBE IT'S THE COMPANY YOU KEEP!

BEFORE BETTY CAN ANSWER, RILLING CLOSES IN ON HER...



THE WAY BETTY LOOKED AT ME... AND THAT RILLING GUY... SOMETHING TELLS ME THAT LITTLE GIRL IS IN DANGER!



ON THE COURT STEPS BETTY MAKES A DESPERATE BREAK, BUT...



COME BACK HERE! IF YOU DON'T, I'LL SHOOT INTO THE CROWD!

YOU WOULDN'T WANT A MURDER ON YOUR CONSCIENCE, WOULD YOU? GET IN!



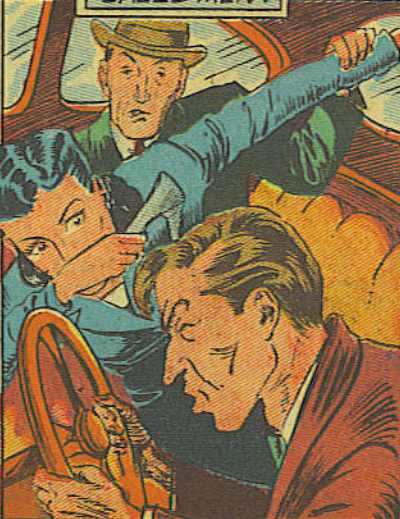
BUT ONCE ON THEIR WAY, BETTY'S HAND SLIPS TO THE BRAKE.



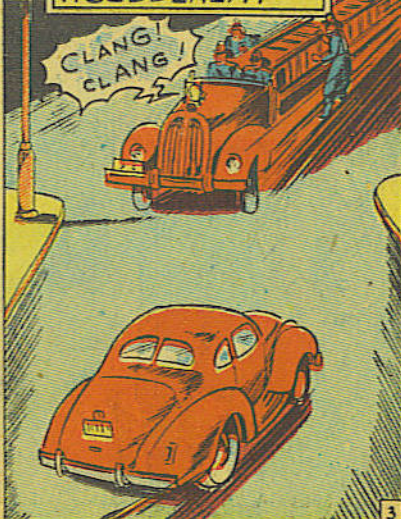
SHE YANKS IT BACK. THE CROOKS KISS THE WINDSHIELD...

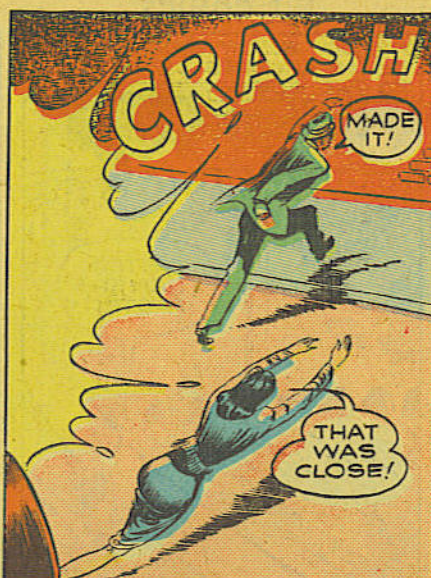
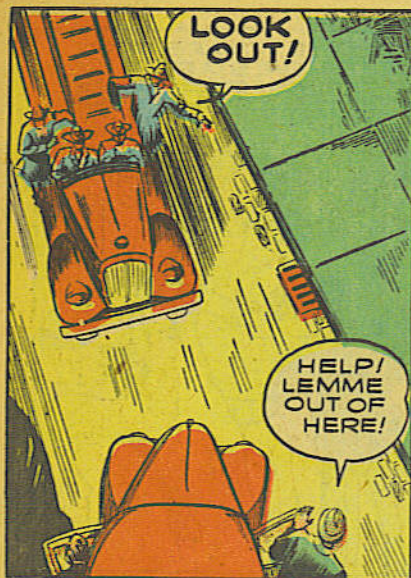


DESPERATELY SHE BATTLES WITH THE HALF-DAZED MEN.

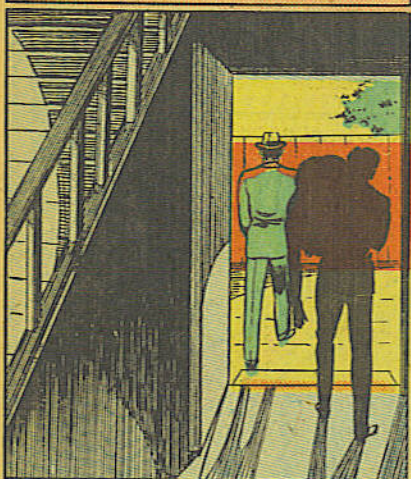


THE CAR SWERVES ACROSS THE ROAD... SUDDENLY...





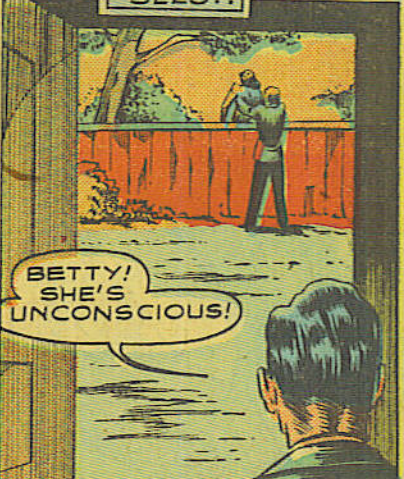
KNOCKED OUT BY A SWIFT BLOW, BETTY IS CARRIED THROUGH THE DARK HALL.



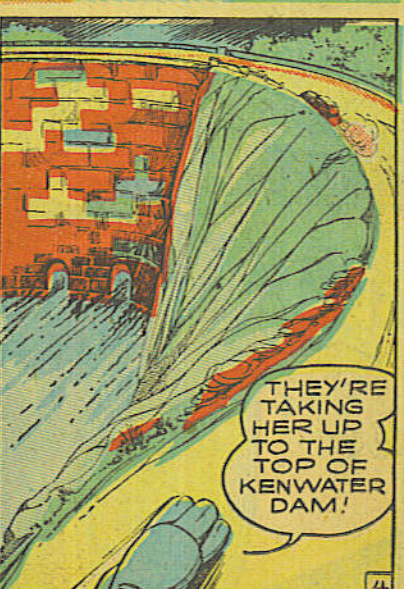
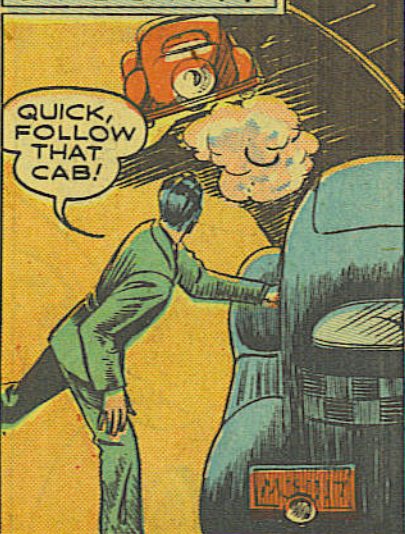
THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY ARRIVES AT THE SCENE OF THE CRASH.



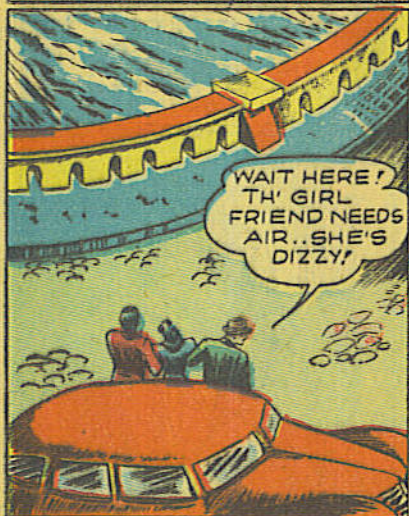
PUSHING THROUGH TO THE BACK DOOR, HE SEES..



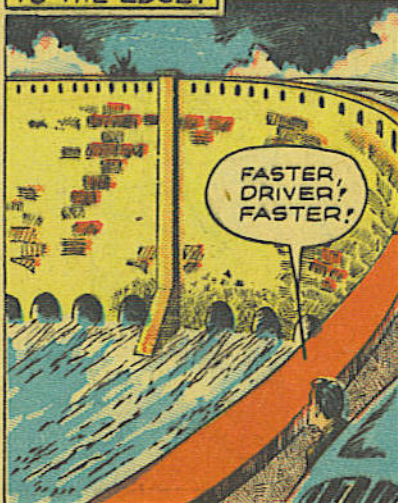
AS THE CROOKS DRIVE OFF. . .



THE CROOKS' CAB STOPS AT THE TOP OF THE HUGE DAM.



THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY IS FRANTIC AS HE SEES BETTY LED TO THE EDGE.



THE COLD WIND REVIVES BETTY.. SHE STARES BELOW IN TERROR.





BEFORE THEY VISIT RILLING, THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY STOPS AT A PHONE BOOTH.



BETTY AND THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY ARRIVE AT THE SAME TIME AS THE POLICE.



THE POLICE BURST IN AND WHIP INTO A SHORT BUT TERRIFIC BATTLE WITH THE GANG.



The Strange TWINS

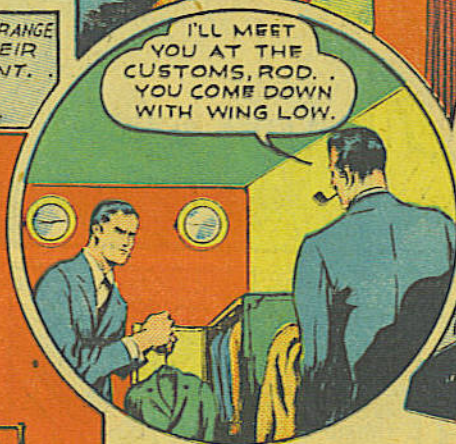
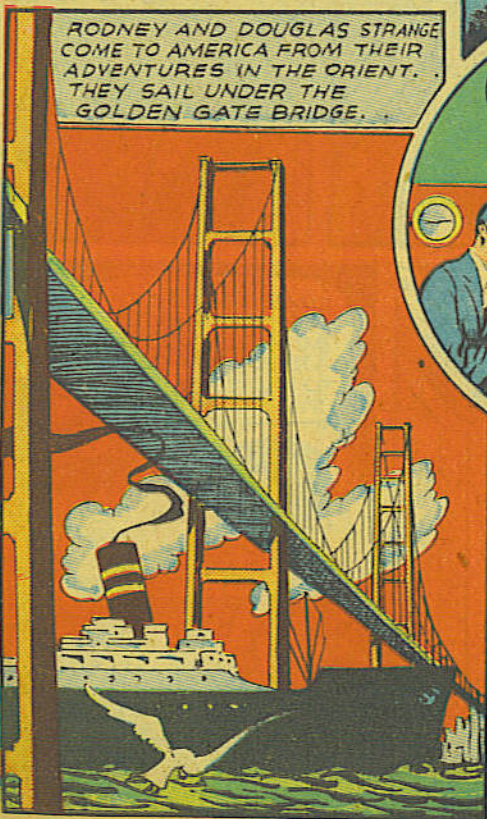
by
S.M.
REID



RODNEY AND DOUGLAS STRANGE
COME TO AMERICA FROM THEIR
ADVENTURES IN THE ORIENT.
THEY SAIL UNDER THE
GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE.

I'LL MEET
YOU AT THE
CUSTOMS, ROD.
YOU COME DOWN
WITH WING LOW.

DOUG DESCENDS
THE GANGPLANK
ALONE...
SO THIS IS
SAN FRANCISCO.



BUT DOUG
NEVER
REACHES
THE
CUSTOMS
OFFICIALS
AS HE
PASSES
A HUGE
PACKING
CASE.



WHEN ROD LEAVES THE SHIP HE IS MISTAKEN FOR HIS BROTHER DOUGLAS.



ROD, WHOSE PAST WAS ON THE WRONG SIDE OF THE LAW, STALLS THEM OFF.



THAT EVENING THE SAN FRANCISCO PAPERS PRINT THE NEWS OF THE SCOTLAND YARD ARRIVAL.



MEANWHILE... AT THE OTHER END OF TOWN, DOUGLAS IS DRAGGED FROM A CRATE.



WELL, WELL! IF IT AIN'T ROD STRANGE. LIMEHOUSE LEW ASKED US TO MEET YOU AND...



..GIVE YOU HIS LOVE! HERE IT IS!



IN ROD'S HOTEL ROOM...



JUST THEN THE CAPTAIN OF THE POLICE FORCE WALKS IN...



LIMEHOUSE LEW, EH? THAT SHOULDN'T BE HARD... HE'D BE AROUND ANY OPIUM DEN... I USED TO KNOW HIM.. ER THAT IS.. SENT HIM TO JAIL ONCE.



BETTER I GO FIRST TO CHINATOWN... I KNOW LIMEHOUSE LEW'S GANG! MY PERSON WON'T BE AS CONSPICUOUS AS YOURS...

GOOD IDEA, WING!

WING TRUDGES THROUGH THE NARROW STREETS... AT LAST HIS SLANT EYES CATCH A FAMILIAR FIGURE...

HE FOLLOWS INTO A SHOP...

"WILL THE WASP I'M ON LEW'S TRAIL!"

BUT...

BY MY HONORABLE ANCESTORS! SOME ONE COMES... I'M TRAPPED!

YEAH.. WE GOT HIM, JOE!

DAT'S GOOD.. LIMEHOUSE HAS BEEN LAYIN' FOR STRANGE FOR YEARS.. WHERE IS HE?

WE GOT HIM OVER AT JOHN LEE'S PLACE.. 17½ HONG STREET!

WHEN THEY LEAVE...

MUST PHONE RODNEY QUICK.. HIS DOUBLE IN BAD TROUBLE!

MEANWHILE AT 17½ HONG STREET..

DIS GUY AIN'T ROD.. I SEEN A PICTURE OF A GUY WHAT LOOKED JUST LIKE HIM IN DE PAPER! HE WUZ DETECTIVE DOUG STRANGE!

AIN'T NO USE KEEPIN' YOU HERE FOR LIMEHOUSE, AND YOU KNOW TOO MUCH ALREADY TO LIVE!

BEFORE THE DEADLY KNIFE CAN PLUNGE, ROD STRANGE BREAKS INTO THE ROOM.



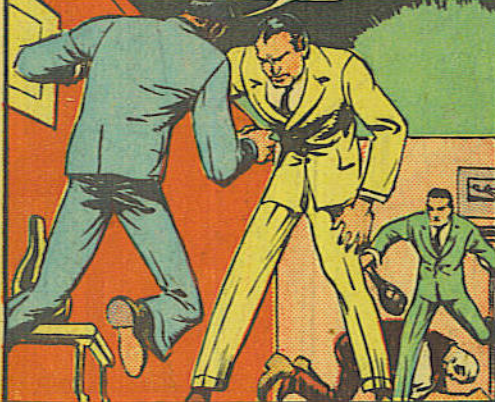
THE FIGHT'S ON. . .



SORRY YOU HAD TO SUFFER FOR MY SAKE, DOUG!

IT WAS WORTH IT TO NAB THIS GANG, ROD.

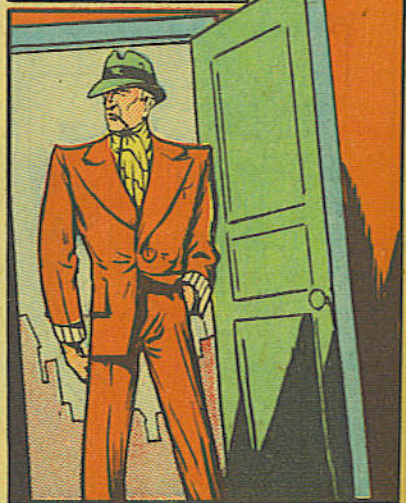
GOOD THING YOU WERE ONCE MIXED UP WITH THIS CROWD, ROD. I MIGHT HAVE BEEN A GONER IF YOU DIDN'T KNOW THEIR HAUNTS AND HABITS!



THE BATTLE RAGES WILDLY. SUDDENLY THE DOOR OPENS. . .



LIMEHOUSE LEW WALKS IN. . .

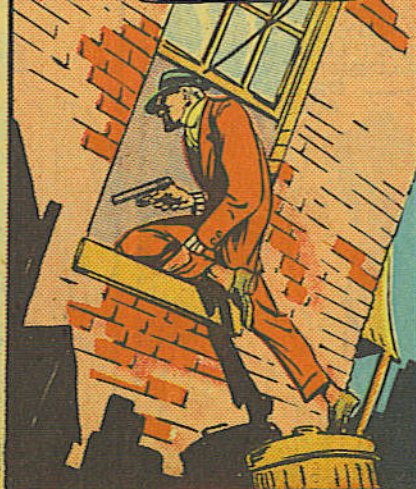


BUT HE TURNS AT ONCE AND SNEAKS INTO AN ALLEY. . .



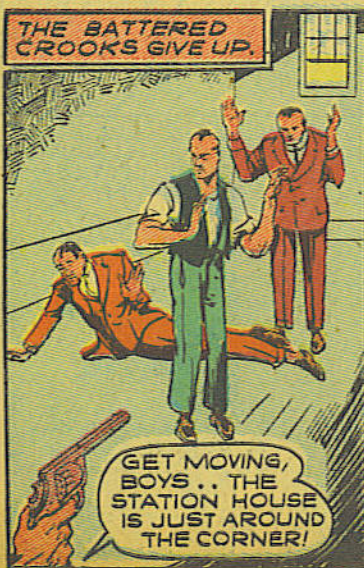
IDIOTS! HOW'D THEY LET THE BOTH OF THEM IN?

HI'LL SEE THAT, THERE HAIN'T TWO STRANGE TWINS MUCH LONGER!



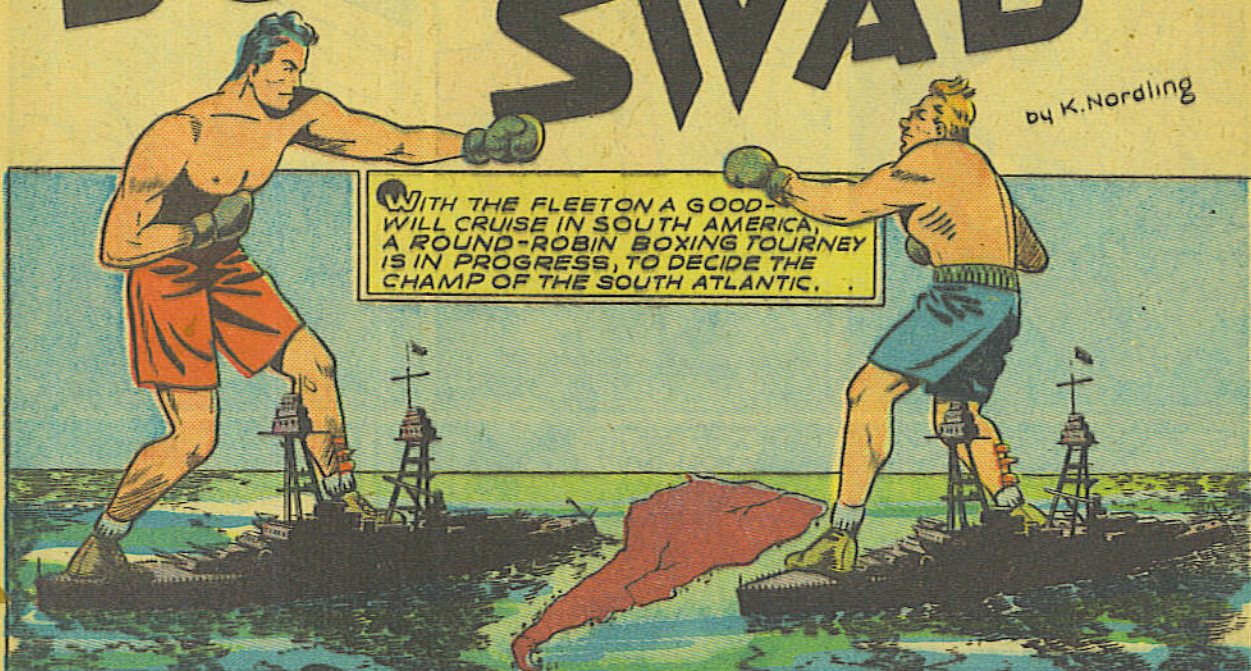
OLD WING LOW HAS NOT JOINED THE FIGHT, BUT IS ALERT FOR DANGER. .



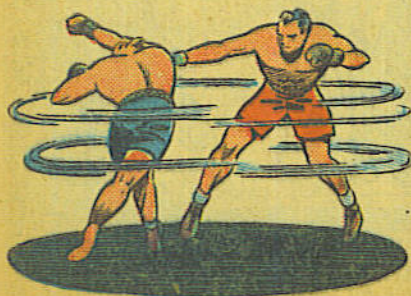


BOB and SIVAB

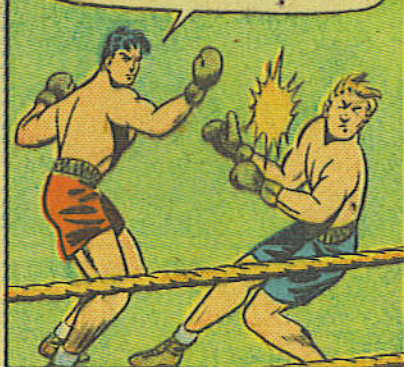
by K. Nordling



ONE WEARY ROUND
FOLLOWS ANOTHER
AS THEY BATTLE
FURIOUSLY.



AT LAST I CAN TEAR YOUR
HEAD OFF LEGALLY!



YA MEAN
LIKE THIS?



UNTIL THE FINAL STANZA.

THE DECISION.. A DRAW!



A DRAW! FAUGH! WAIT'LL
I MEET THAT LITTLE
APE AGAIN!



SWAB WANDERS GLOOMILY AROUND THE TOWN.



A DRAW! FOOEY!
I'M DISGUSTED!

AH, THAT
EES FINE!

EET EES WELL
THAT YOU ARE
DISGUST..THE
COUNTRY THAT
I AM REPRESENT
CAN USE SUCH
MARINERS AS
YOU, SENOR!



THE GREAT CAREER
AWAITS YOU EEN THE
NAVAL SERVICE OF
ANOTHER COUNTRY..
MEET ME EEN ONE
HOUR AT THE SUNSET
GATE! ADIOS!

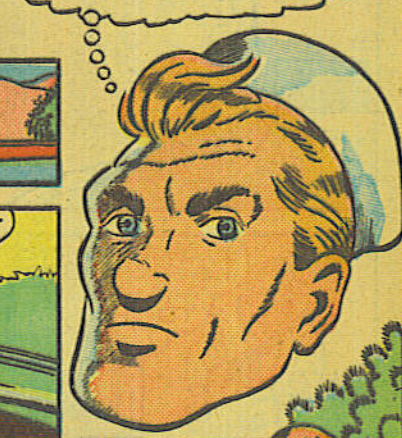


PUZZLED AND INTRIGUED, SWAB GOES TO HIS MYSTERIOUS RENDEZVOUS.



I CAN OFFER YOU ZE RANK OF
SENIOR LIEUTENANT.. WEETH
GOOD PENSION AFTER ZE WAR!

THIS IS A NEW RACKET
ON ME.. I'LL SOFT-SOAP
HIM ALONG.. MAYBE I
CAN UNCORK SOME-
THING HOT!



YEAH.. SOUNDS
GOOD

THEN WE GO TO OUR HEAD-
QUARTERS, SI?



FAR OUT
OF TOWN,
THEY COME
UPON THE
RETREAT..



YOU SHALL MEET
ANUDDER YANKEE VE
HAF RECRUITED!

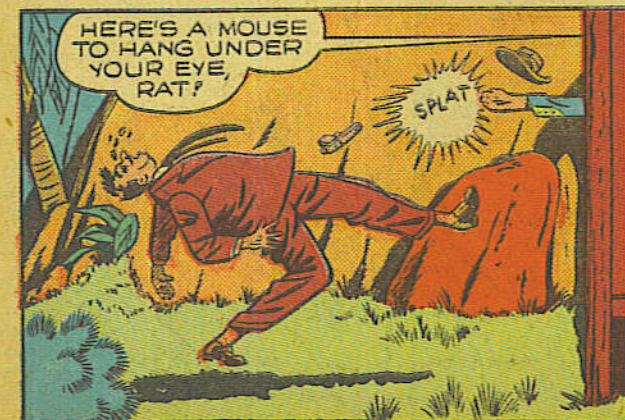
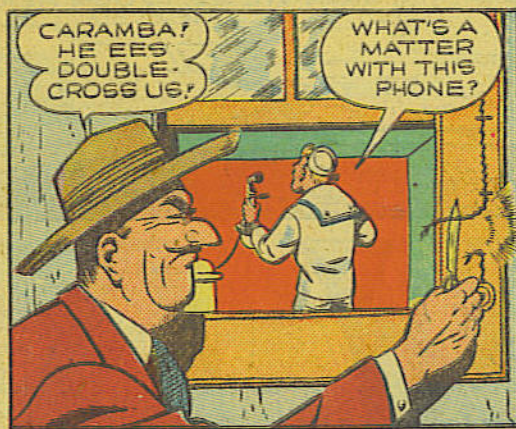
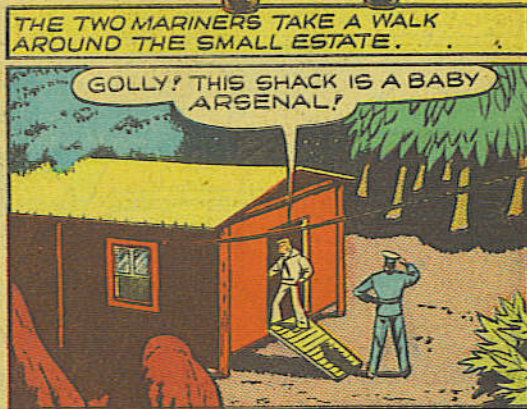


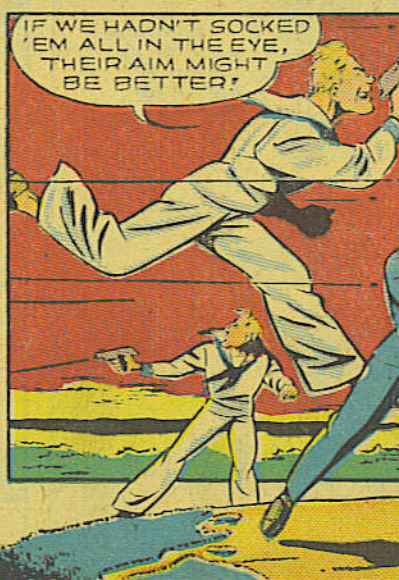
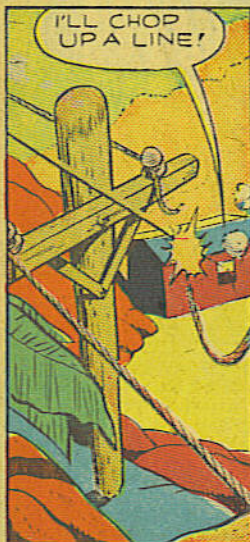
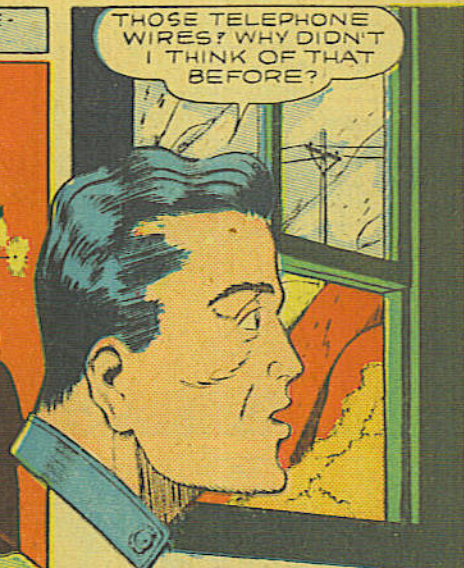
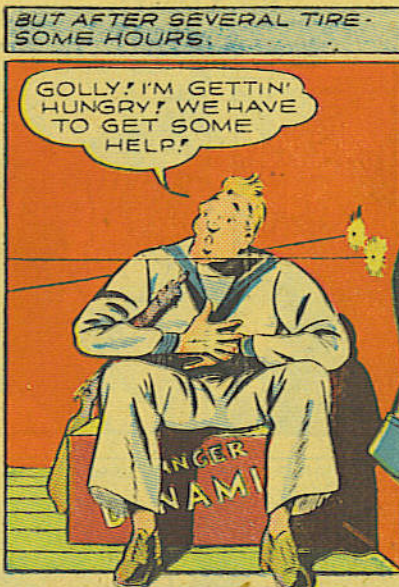
HIMMEL!
YOU KNOW
EACH ODDER?



YEAH.. WE'RE
OLD FRIENDS!







OUT OF THE TROPIC SKY A PLANE SCOOT'S OVERHEAD, SEEKING THE DAMAGED TELEPHONE LINE.



DRAT IT... NO MORE BULLETS! AND IT'S GETTIN' DARK! THEY'LL GET AWAY IN THEIR CARS!



LET'S GET RIGHT DOWN BY THE PASS AND PICK 'EM OFF WITH OUR FISTS!



AS QUIETLY AS POSSIBLE, THEY TAKE CARE OF EACH CULPRIT WHEN HE STEPS THROUGH THE PASS.



SOON THE POLICE AND THE MILITIA ARRIVE ON THE SCENE.



AND SHORE LIBERTY IS OVER FOR OUR TWO HEROES.. BACK ABOARD THEIR BATTLE-WAGON THEY GO.



TO SAIL INTO NEW ADVENTURES IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF... HIT COMICS.

LION BOY

By
Merton
Holmes

LOST AS A BABY ON THE
VELDT, LION BOY IS REARED
BY A FAMILY OF LIONS...

HE KNOWS THE SPEECH
OF BEASTS AND CAN
LIVE IN THE WILDS AS EASILY
AS ANY ANIMAL.

HUMAN CONTACT HAS
TAUGHT HIM CIVILIZED
WAYS TOO, BUT LION
BOY PREFERS THE
BEASTS, BECAUSE OF
THIS ADVENTURE THAT
BEFELL HIM...

WHAT WE
WANT IS SKINS,
BIFF. I'VE A SCHEME
TO GET 'EM WITH-
OUT ANY
TROUBLE
OR DANGER
AT ALL!



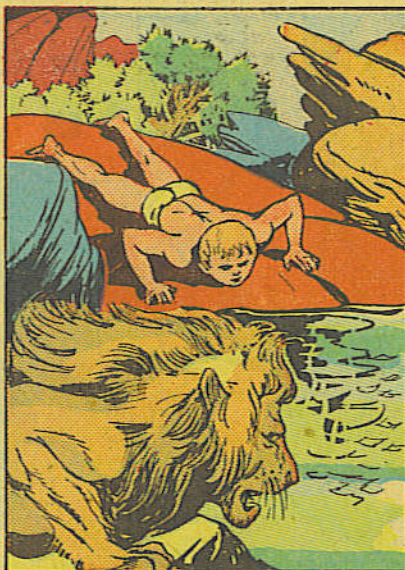
COME ON,
BIFF TO THE
BIG WATER
HOLE!

HURRY UP,
MAC? WE
CAN'T
TAKE
ALL DAY
AT THIS!

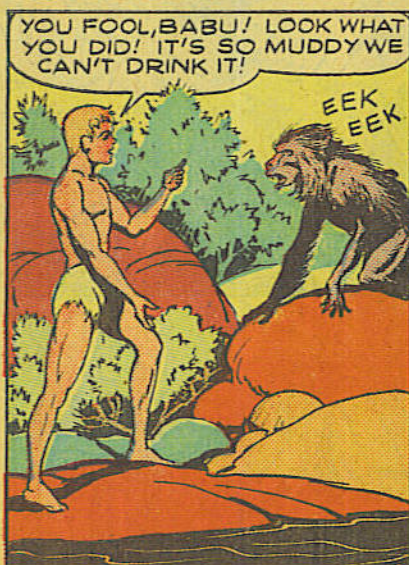
WHAT'S
THAT?

JUST
A BABOON!
COME ON, WE'LL
RETURN
TOMORROW!

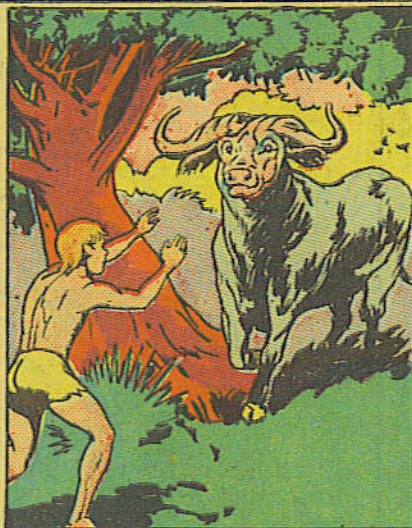
MEANWHILE LION BOY IS JUST WAKING UP FROM AN AFTER-NOON NAP. . .



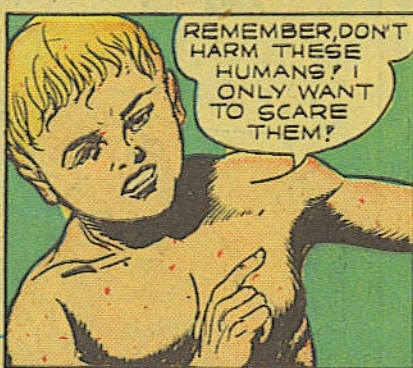
JUST AS THEY ARE ABOUT TO DRINK. . .



LION BOY HASTENS TO WARN HIS FRIENDS OF THE POISONED WATER HOLE.



THAT EVENING.



REMEMBER, DON'T HARM THESE HUMANS! I ONLY WANT TO SCARE THEM!



YOU ALL KNOW WHAT TO DO... WE GO TO THE WATER HOLE NOW!



QUIET! HERE THEY COME!



IF WE'RE LUCKY, WE'LL GET PLENTY OF SKINS...MAYBE EVEN A LION!

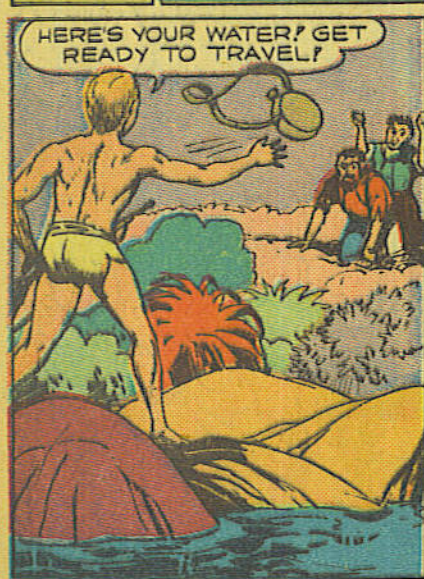


HOLY SMOKE? BIFF, LOOK YONDER! THERE'S A FORTUNE IN HIDES!

IT WORKED, MAC?



GET OUT YOUR KNIFE AN' HELP ME SKIN 'EM!

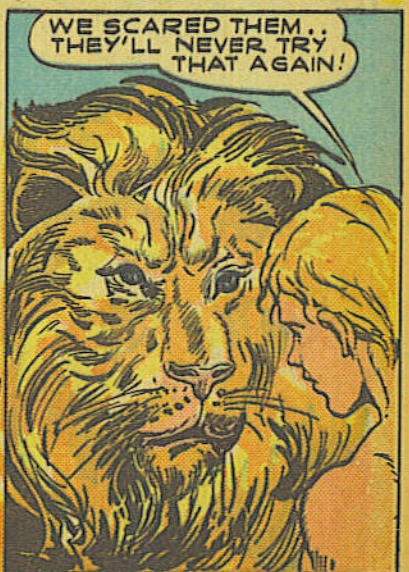




A FEW HOURS LATER AT THE ARMY POST NEARBY...



SO THEY POISONED THE WATER AND THEN GOT SOME OF THEIR OWN MEDICINE!



The RED BEE

By T. H.
Apriary



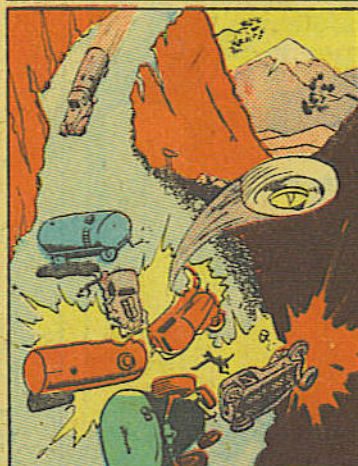
THE HEALTH OF INNOCENT CHILDREN
IS ENDANGERED BY THE LACK OF
MILK . . . THE RED BEE INVESTIGATES
AND FERRETS OUT THESE SABOTEURS
OF CHILDHOOD.. MILK RACKETEERS..

AN EARLY MORNING MILK TRAIN SPEEDS TOWARD THE CITY. SUDDENLY.

AT THE FOOT OF A STEEP HILL, HUGE TRACTOR VANS PILE UP ON EACH OTHER.. THEY, TOO, CARRY MILK..

IMMEDIATELY POLICE SPEED TO THE DISASTERS.

AND AT THE HILL, AFTER A CHECK-UP.



D.J. HAMMOND, PRESIDENT OF DAIRYTON MILK, SUMMONS THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY AND HIS ASSISTANT, RALEIGH.



RICK TURNS TO THE WINDOW, AND..

SURE IT'S RACKETEERS! THERE'S A MOB OF 'EM BELOW... H-M-M.. THIS CONCEALED MICROPHONE BEHIND THE CURTAIN..



THEY'RE TAKING IN THIS CONVERSATION!

ER... EXCUSE ME... I MUST MAKE A PHONE CALL!

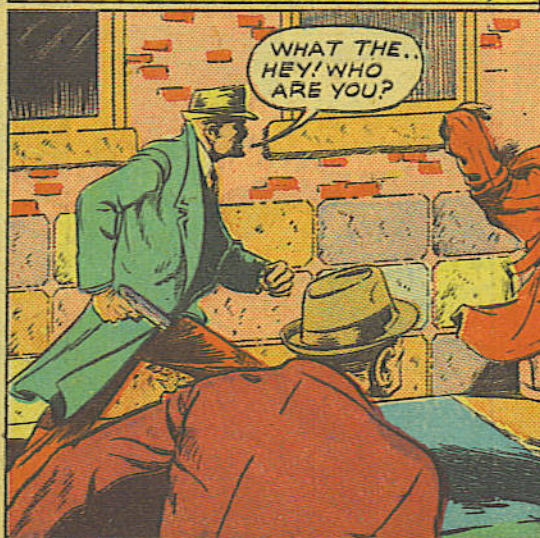


RALEIGH DASHES TO THE STREET. AS THE RED BEE, HE PREPARES FOR ACTION.

NOW, MICHAEL, YOU BUZZ THOSE MUGS AWAY FROM THE RECEIVER!



THE THUGS TRY TO CATCH MICHAEL, BUT



YOU'LL FIND OUT!

QUICKLY THE RED BEE WADES THROUGH THE MOB.



NOW, YOU, TALK? WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT?

M-ME, I D-DON'T KNOW NOTHIN'. HONEST I DON'T! LEMME GO!

SINCE NOBODY WILL TALK, I'LL FIND OUT FOR MYSELF!

THIS IS THEIR CAR.. WITH AN ACETYLENE TORCH ON THE FLOOR!



OH OH! HERE COME THE COPPERS! IT'S TIME FOR ME TO LEAVE!



WHILE THE POLICE CORRAL THE THUGS, THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY COMES DOWN GROWLING.



RALEIGH! WHERE IN THUNDER DID HE DISAPPEAR TO AT A TIME LIKE THIS?

MEANWHILE DAIRYMEN BEMOAN THE SPILT MILK AND WONDER HOW TO GET FUTURE SHIPMENTS TO MARKET.



..AND THE CHILDREN.. THEY SUFFER WITHOUT MILK!

WE'LL SHIP MILK OURSELVES BY TRUCK!

MILK! MILK!

MEANWHILE THE RED BEE SETS OUT BY HANDCAR, UP THE TRACKS TO THE RICH DAIRY COUNTRY. . .



THE THUGS, ANTICIPATING THE MILK FARMERS' PLAN, SEND RACKETEERS TO FOIL IT. .



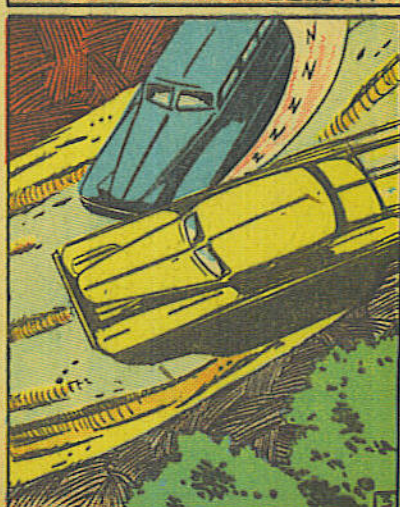
WE'LL WRECK EVERY DAIRY BARN IN THE PLACE!

THEY SKIRT THE RAILROAD TRACK AND...



GO TO IT, MICHAEL! STOP THOSE MEN!

THE BUZZING BEE CAUSES THE DRIVERS TO LOSE CONTROL OF THEIR WHEELS. . .





SOON THE DAM-
AGE IS COMPLETE
..BARNs, FODDER
AND LIVESTOCK
ARE DESTROYED.



THE RED BEE SEES THIS
CRIMINAL ACTION.



SECONDS LATER, MICHAEL
LEADS A SWARM OF ANGRY
BEES AGAINST THE MOB...



RED BEE PUNCTUATES EACH
BEE STING WITH TELLING
BLOWS OF HIS OWN.



TALK NOW! YOU'D
BETTER.. OR.. WHAT'S
IN BACK OF THIS?
WHERE'S YOUR
HIDE OUT?



AT T-THE OLD MILL
BY THE RIVER? M-
MISTER, D-DON'T
TELL NOBODY I
TALKED?



THANKS?
COME
ALONG,
MICHAEL!



RED BEE JUMPS INTO
THE THUGS' CAR.



AND SPURTS DOWN THE DIRT
ROAD..MICHAEL LEADING HIS
BEE ARMY ALONGSIDE.



CAUTIOUSLY THE RED BEE TRIES
THE CREAKING DOOR.



INSIDE.

THOSE VATS ARE
FULL OF MILK? NO?
IT'S NOT MILK! IT'S
RIVER WATER,
WHITENED WITH
CHEMICALS!



SUDDENLY THE MEN SEE THE RED
BEE..



THIS HOSE OF
LIVE STEAM
WILL FIX THAT
SNOOPER?

BUT MICHAEL AND HIS COHORTS
COME.



AWK?
WHAT'S
THAT
BUZZIN'?

BEEES?!

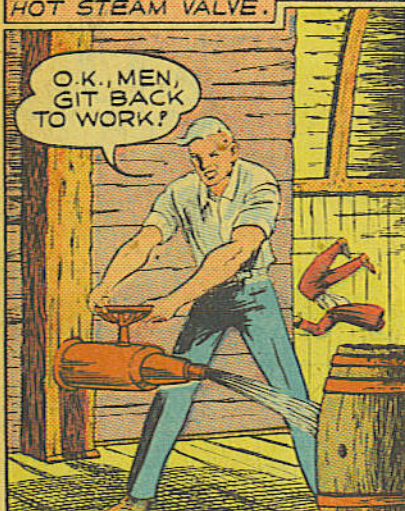
RIGHT,
FELLA!



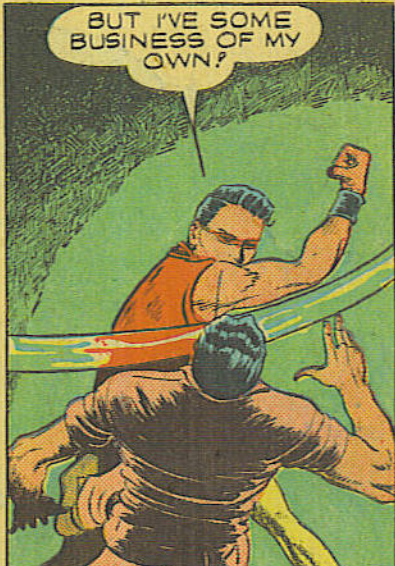
AND HERE'S
ANOTHER STING
FOR GOOD
MEASURE?



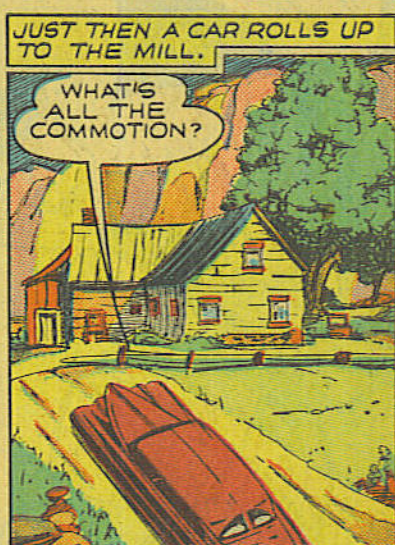
THINKING THE RED BEE DEAD,
ONE CROOK TURNS OFF THE
HOT STEAM VALVE.



BUT THE RED BEE IS VERY
MUCH ALIVE.



SWIFTLY
THE RED
BEE
REDUCES
THE MILL
TO A
SHAMBLES.



THE DRIVER ENTERS THE MILL.



YES, RICK... I'LL
BE DARNED IF
THE RED BEE
DIDN'T SOLVE
THE MILK CASE
BEFORE WE
COULD?

THE RED BEE WHIZZES
THROUGH A NEW THRILLER IN
NEXT MONTH'S **HIT** COMICS.

The OLD WITCH

By Pierre Winter



CORNWALL IS A SAILORS' PORT.. FROM HERE CLIPPERS PLIED THE TRADE ROUTES TO THE ORIENT AND RETURNED WITH SILKS, SPICES..AND LEGENDS OF AWE AND SUPERSTITION.

ON THE STORM-SWEPT CORNISH COAST STANDE THE OLD WITCH'S HOUSE

THRILL-SEEKING VISITORS COME TO HEAR THE AGED CRONE'S TALE.

LISTEN TO THAT NOISE OUTSIDE! FOLLOW ME..I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT IT IS!

THE GUESTS GASP AT WHAT THEY SEE ..

A CLIPPER SHIP!

BUT IT WASN'T THERE BEFORE!

NO..IT WASN'T THERE BEFORE..NOR HAS IT BEEN THERE FOR MANY YEARS..IT IS THE GHOST OF AN ANCIENT CLIPPER SHIP!

AT THE HEIGHT OF THE INDIES TRADE, A YOUNG CORNISHMAN, BEN LATHAM, SIGNS ABOARD A CLIPPER SAILING EAST.



HE GOES AS THIRD MATE ON THE FLYING GULL... THE MOST MAJESTIC SHIP THAT EVER SPREAD HER SAILS!



BEN MAKES FRIENDS WITH 'OLD NEEDLES,' THE SAIL-MENDER...

NEEDLES... THERE'S A MYSTERY ABOUT THE "GULL"... WHAT IS IT?

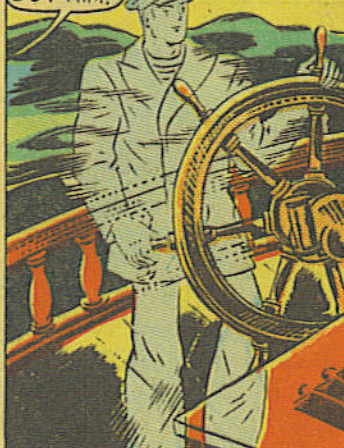


FROM HIM BEN LEARNS THE LEGEND OF THE FLYING GULL.

SON... WE'VE A GHOST ABOARD... NOBODY BELIEVES IT... BUT I KNOW... HE WAS ONCE FIRST MATE, BUT HE WAS KILLED AT THE WHEEL... I KNOW WHO DID IT!



THE GHOST GUIDES OUR SHIP IN ALL WEATHER. WE'D SINK WITHOUT HIM!



SUDDENLY THE BURLY FIRST MATE, GRUFF, APPEARS...

QUIT YER YARNS, OLD MAN! GIT TO WORK!



FURIOUSLY HE SENDS THE DEFENSELESS SAIL-MENDER FLYING...

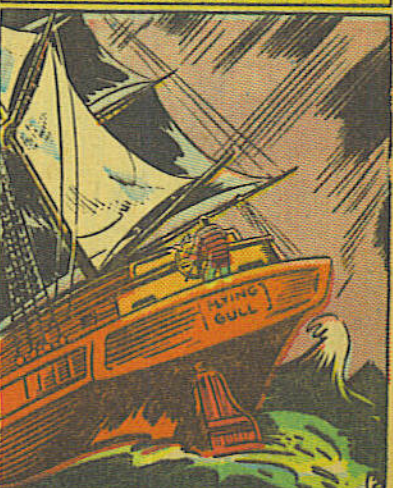
I'LL HAVE NO LYIN' TALES ON THIS SHIP!



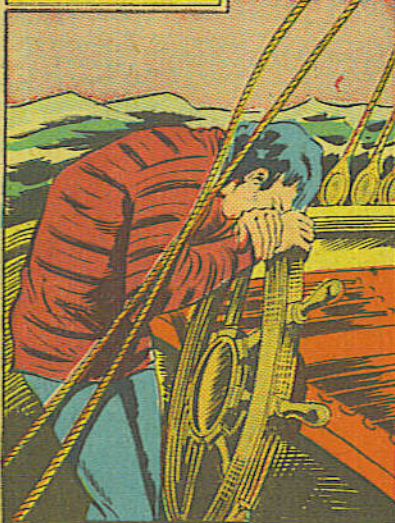
THERE MUST BE TRUTH IN THAT STORY IF THE FIRST MATE GOT SO PEEVED ABOUT IT! HE HATES NEEDLES!



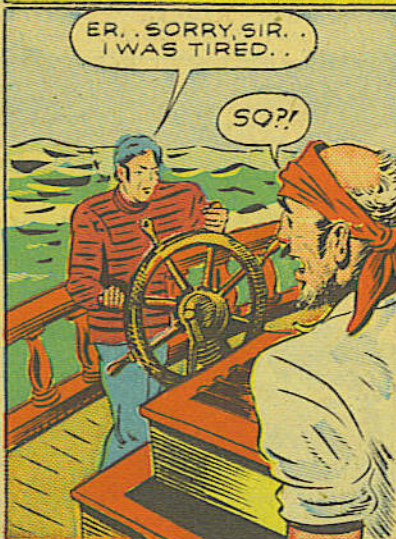
THAT NIGHT, BEN STANDS LONE WATCH AT THE WHEEL... A TERRIBLE STORM RAGES...



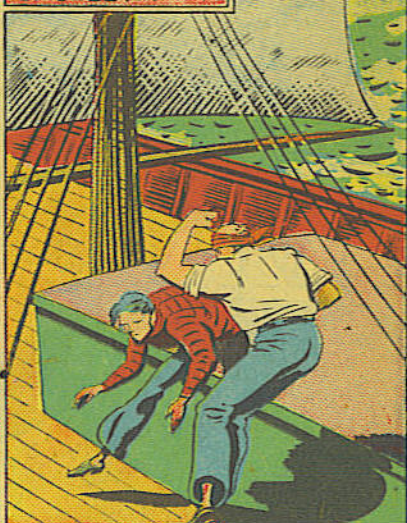
BEN IS OVER-TIRED. HE DOZES AT THE WHEEL.



BUT HE IS RUDELY AWAKENED.



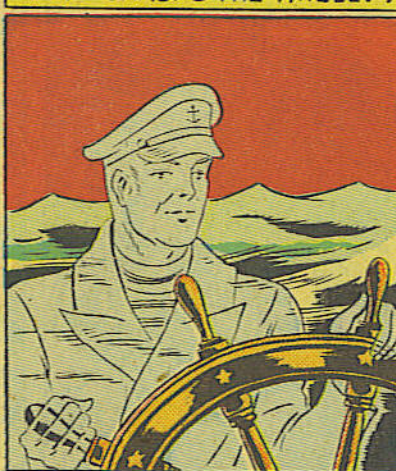
THE FIRST MATE POUNDS BEN CRUELLY.



WITH NO ONE AT THE WHEEL, THE FLYING GULL HEADS FOR JAGGED ROCKS.



DOOM SEEMS INEVITABLE UNTIL SUDDENLY A GHOSTLY HAND GRASPS THE WHEEL.



NEXT MORNING... YOU'VE SEEN THE GHOST

YOURSELF, BEN... NOW I'LL TELL YOU THAT HE WAS MY SON... AND GRUFF KILLED HIM! I SIGNED ABOARD TO AVENGE HIS DEATH. AND I WILL... BY MUTINY!



THE CREW FOLLOWS OLD NEEDLES EAGERLY. THEY TOO HAVE SUFFERED UNDER GRUFF'S CRUEL TREATMENT.



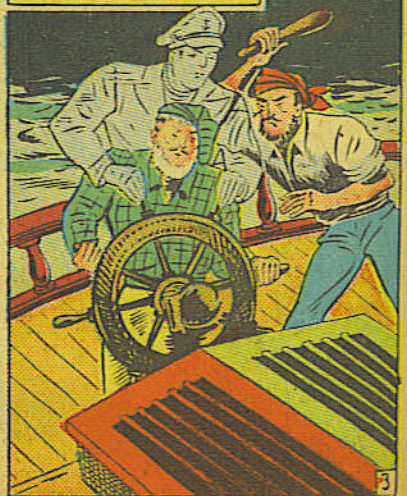
GRUFF STARTS A FIRE IN THE HOLD AS A RETALIATION FOR THE REVOLT.



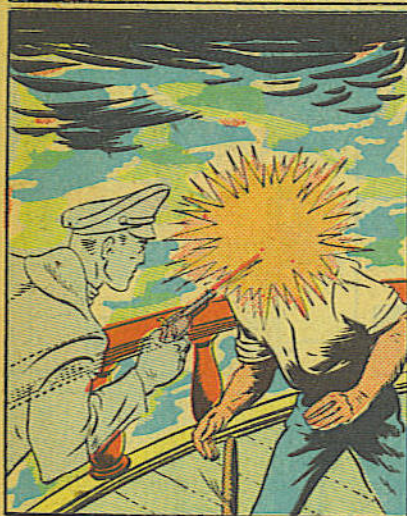
BUT BEN PUTS IT OUT.



FURIOUSLY GRUFF CREEPS UP BEHIND NEEDLES. MURDER IN HIS EYES.



BUT A GHOSTLY PISTOL BLINDS HIM WITH A WEIRD FLASH.



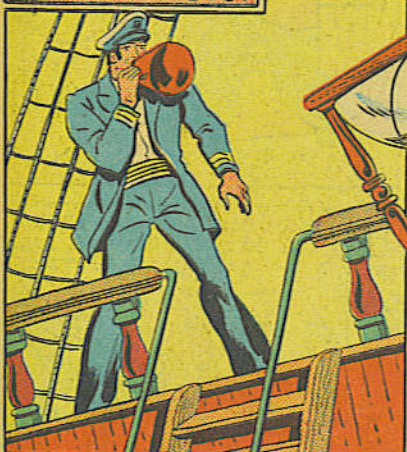
HE TRIES TO SEIZE THE WHEEL.



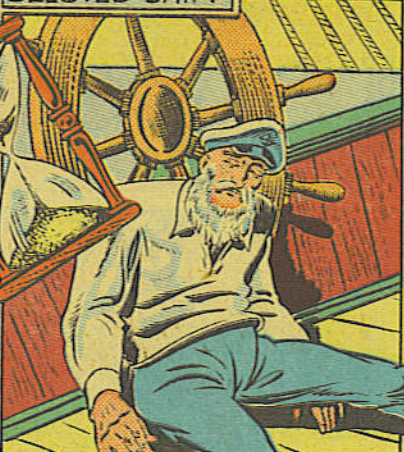
YOUR EVIL DAYS ARE OVER! MY SON HAS SEEN TO THAT!



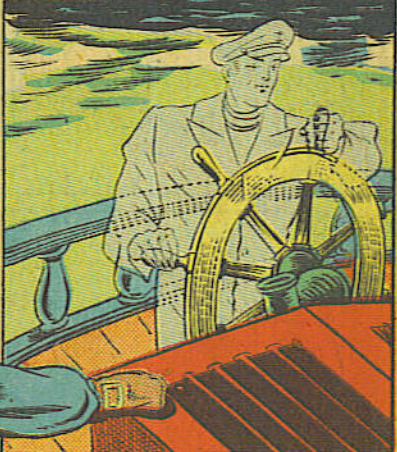
BEN IS NOW MASTER OF THE FLYING GULL... NEVER HAS THE SHIP BEEN SO RENOWNED OR SO PROSPEROUS.



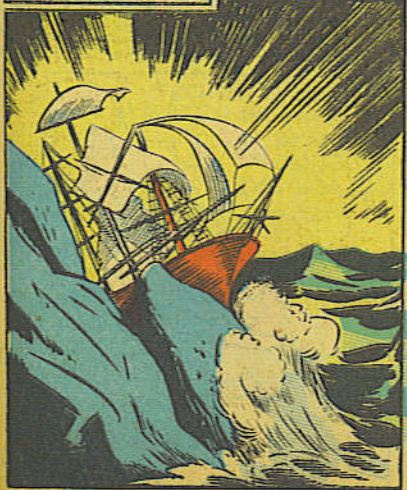
YEARS PASS... BEN LATHAM IS OLD AND ILL... ONE NIGHT HE DIES AT THE WHEEL OF HIS BELOVED SHIP.



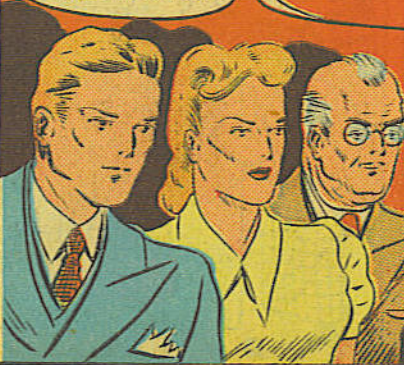
OVER HIS STILL FIGURE RISES THE GHOST OF OLD NEEDLES' SON.



A GHOSTLY SHRIEK SOUNDS... THE FLYING GULL IS SENT CRASHING ON THE REEF OF ROBIN'S WOE.



THE GHOST WAS BEN'S FRIEND... HE WRECKED THE FLYING GULL RATHER THAN ALLOW A NEW MASTER ABOARD HER... HER HULL LIES DEEP BENEATH THE WAVES.



AT NIGHT HER SPIRIT FORM RISES WHERE YOU SAW IT, TO HONOR THE BEST CAPTAIN SHE EVER HAD... BEN LATHAM!



THE OLD WITCH SPINS ANOTHER EERIE YARN NEXT MONTH IN

HIT COMICS.

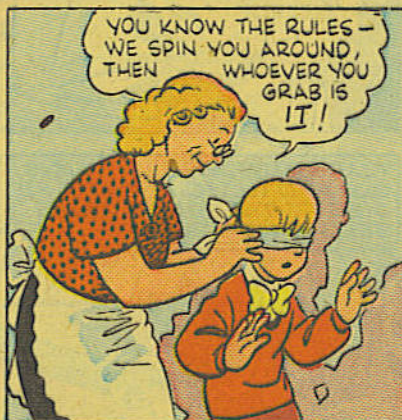
TOMMY TINKLE

by
ARTHUR
BEEMAN

GOSH-I'VE NEVER
SEEN SUCH
A DULL
PARTY!

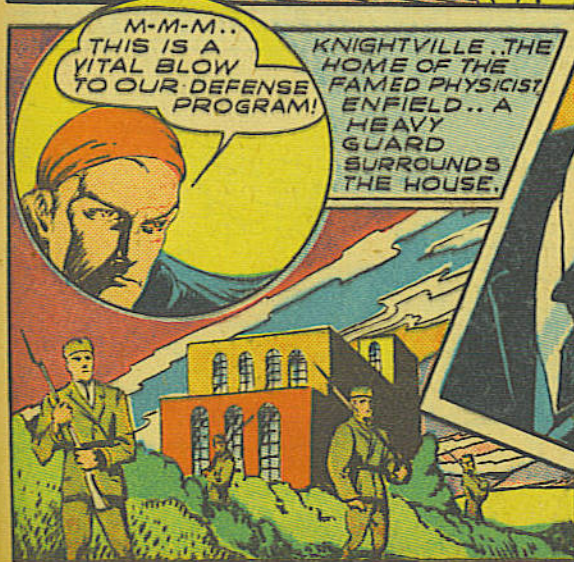
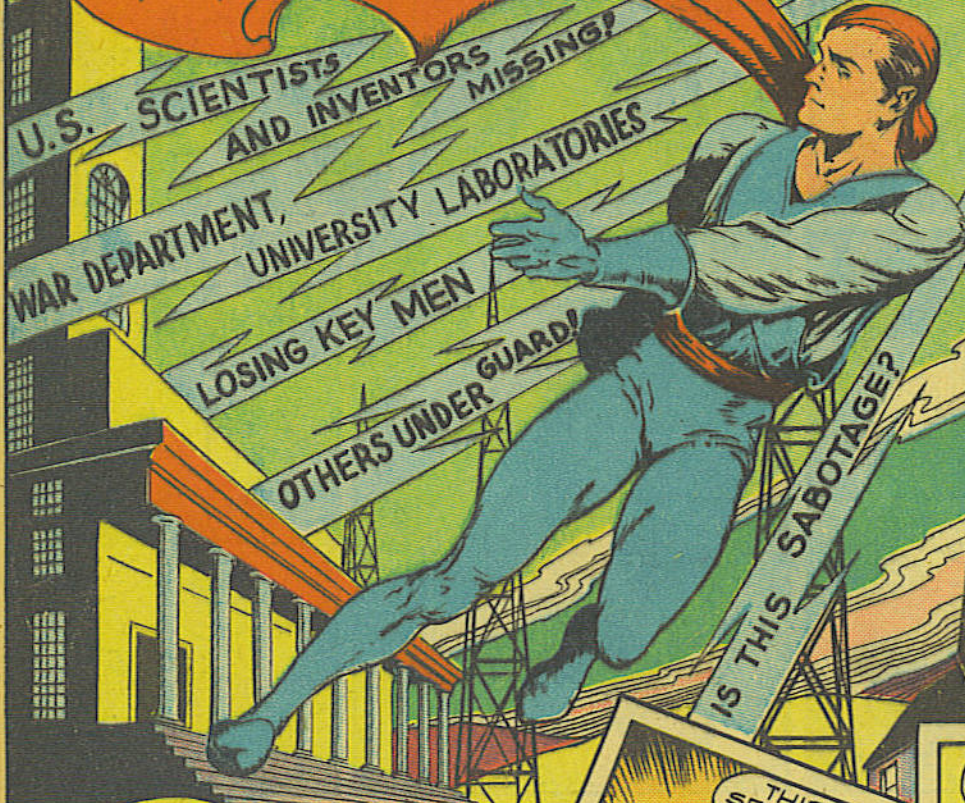
PSSST-PAL! WHADYA
SAY WE DITCH THIS
GANG AN'
AND SOME
GO OUT
HAVE FUN?

I CAN'T,
- THIS
PARTY'S
FOR ME!



IN E O NI

by Tabor
Murray *The Unknown*



AS NEON SWOOPS DOWN BESIDE DR. ENFIELD'S HOUSE, HE FINDS THE GUARDS SHOUTING IN CONFUSION.

HE'S GONE!
ENFIELD'S
DISAPPEARED
RIGHT UNDER
OUR NOSES!



ALL ROADS ARE BLOCKED
..EVERY CAR IS SEARCHED
IN VAIN.



NEON SHOOTS SKYWARD..

A BALLOON!
SO THAT'S HOW
THEY ABDUCTED
ENFIELD .. LIFTED
HIM RIGHT OFF
HIS OWN ROOF!



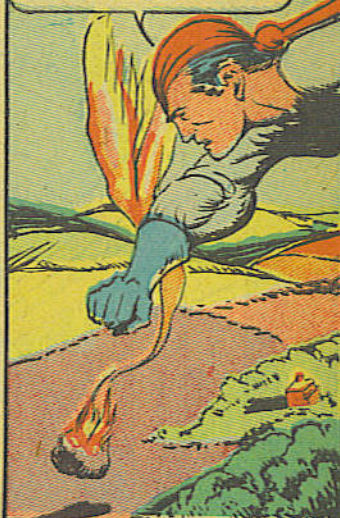
A BLAST OF BLACK CHOKING
SMOKE HINDERS
NEON'S
APPROACH.



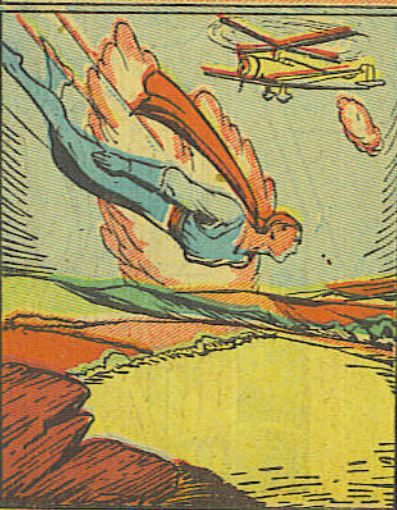
AND IN A MOMENT THE HUGE
BALLOON DEFLATES AND
FALLS IN FLAMES..



POOR ENFIELD! THAT'S
THE END OF HIM..

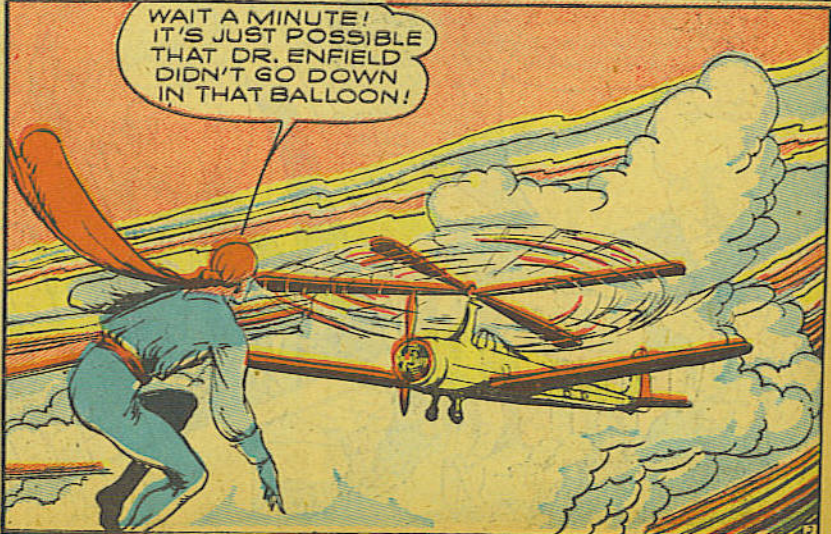


BUT THE
WHIRR OF AN AUTOGIRO
SOUNDS FROM ABOVE..

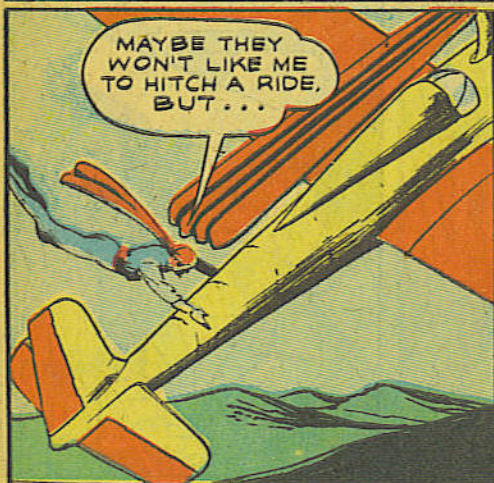


NEON CIRCLES SWIFTLY ABOUT THE RISING PLANE ..

WAIT A MINUTE!
IT'S JUST POSSIBLE
THAT DR. ENFIELD
DIDN'T GO DOWN
IN THAT BALLOON!



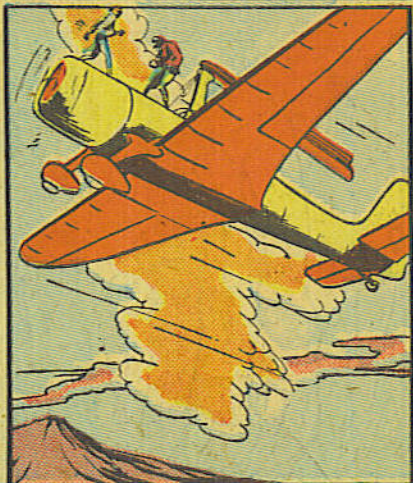
AS NEON DIVES, THE WINDMILL
BLADES SNAP BACK... THE
PLANE GATHERS MORE SPEED...



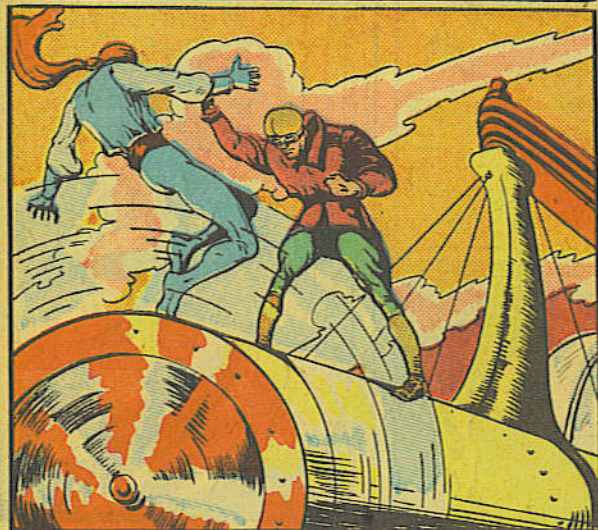
WHAT IN THUNDER
IS MAKING THAT
TAIL SO HEAVY?
HEY YOU! HOW'D YOU
GET UP HERE?



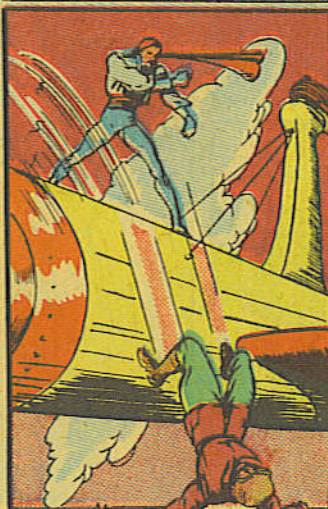
GRIMLY, THE TWO FACE EACH
OTHER ON THEIR PRECARIOUS
PERCH...



NEON'S FOOT SLIPS ON THE SMOOTH HULL.



BUT HE REGAINS HIS
BALANCE AT ONCE...



NOW I'LL SEE WHO
ELSE IS TRAVELING
ON THIS SHIP.



DR. ENFIELD,
HAVE THEY HURT
YOU, SIR?



I'LL CONCEAL MY-
SELF IN THE COM-
PARTMENT... I WANT
TO SEE WHERE
THEY ARE
TAKING
YOU!



OVER THE SNOW-CAPPED
ROCKIES WINGS THE PLANE
ON ITS WESTWARD COURSE...



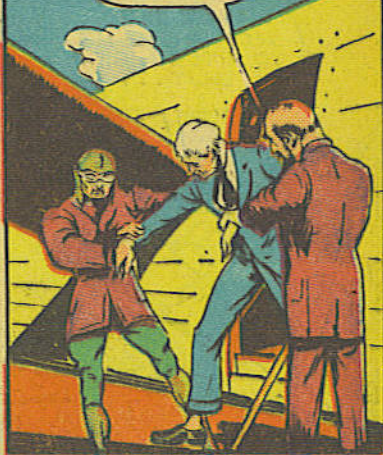
OVER THE GRAND CANYON. . .
AN IMPOSSIBLE LAND-
ING SPOT. THE AUTO-
GIRO BEGINS TO DESCEND. . .



IT LANDS AMID THE TOWERING
CLIFFS ON A SMALL ISLAND.
STRANGE BUILDINGS RISE ON
THIS SECRET BASE. . .



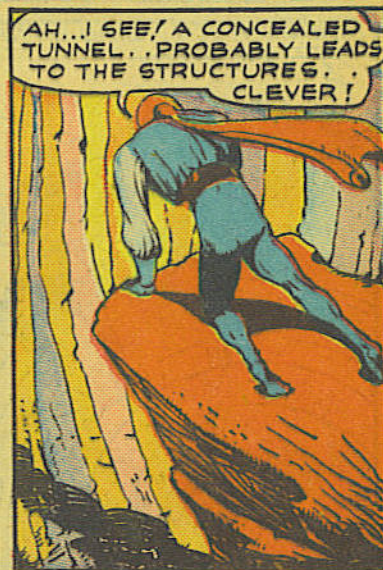
COME ON, DOCTOR. . . IT
WON'T DO YOU ANY
GOOD TO PROTEST
NOW.



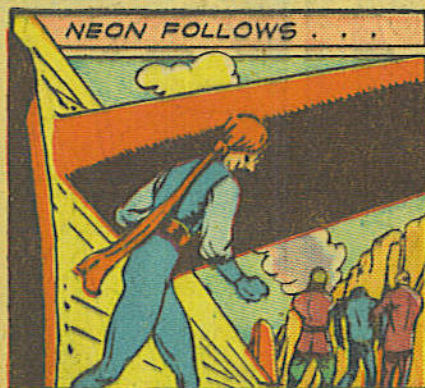
THEY AREN'T LEADING HIM
STRAIGHT TO THOSE
BUILDINGS!



AH... I SEE, A CONCEALED
TUNNEL. . . PROBABLY LEADS
TO THE STRUCTURES. . .
CLEVER!



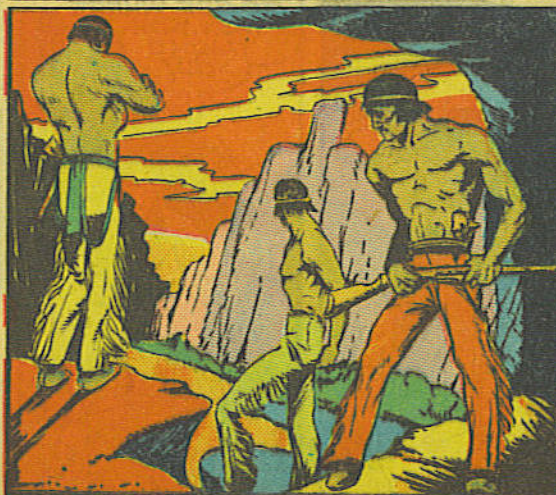
NEON FOLLOWS. . .



HERE
HE IS,
MARCO.



AS THE TREACHEROUS DR. MARKO ENTERS
WITH HIS CAPTIVE, ARMED REDSKINS
APPEAR TO GUARD THE PASSAGE. . .

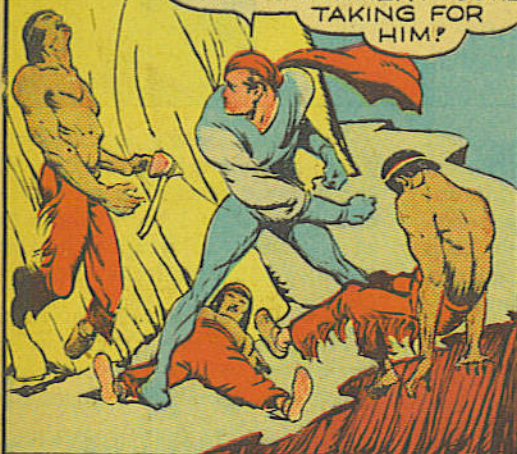


BUT NEON
FLASHES DOWN
ON THEM. . .



HIS NEONIC FISTS STRIKE WITH INSTANT RESULTS.

THE MAN YOU'RE WORKING FOR ISN'T WORTH THE PUNISHMENT YOU'RE TAKING FOR HIM?

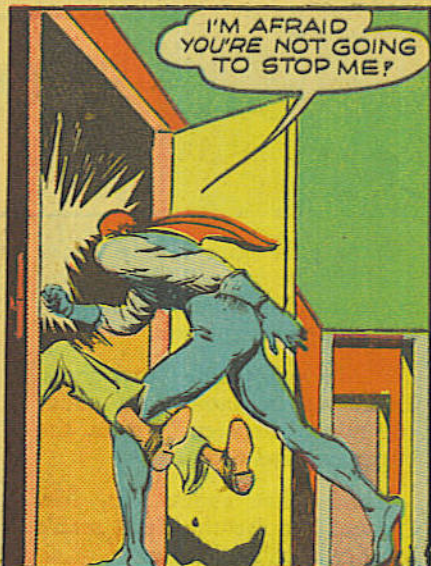


NEON SPEEDS ON THROUGH THE TUNNEL, TILL HE COMES TO THE ENTRANCE OF A HUGE MODERN LABORATORY.

YOU CAN'T GO IN THERE!



I'M AFRAID YOU'RE NOT GOING TO STOP ME!



HERE THEY ARE! ALL THE MISSING SCIENTISTS, WORKING AS SLAVES!



HALT!

HOW DID HE GET IN HERE?

NEON FLINGS A FLASK OF ACID, BLINDING BOTH GUARDS...



MARKO IS FORCING US TO INVENT NEW GASES, AND WAR MATERIALS, TO SELL TO THE WARRING NATIONS OF THE WORLD.. HE WILL MAKE MILLIONS... THE AGGRESSOR NATIONS HAVE ALREADY SIGNED CONTRACTS WITH HIM!



BUT IN THE NEXT ROOM...

LET THEM TALK! THIS SLEEPING GAS WILL QUIET THEM!



AS THE SOPORIFIC FUMES FILL THE AIR, NEON CHARGES THE ELECTRONS OF THE WALL WITH A NEONIC RAY.

HURRY! GET OUT OF THIS PLACE!



AND YOU, MARKO, WILL MAKE A RETURN TRIP TO THE EAST.. WHERE SOME FELLOWS IN THE F.B.I. ARE WAITING TO TALK BUSINESS WITH YOU!



NEW THRILLS ARE PACKED IN THE NEXT ADVENTURE OF COLORFUL NEON IN HIT COMICS

SHOT IN THE DARK

By TONY BOONE

"I'm quite sure I only heard one shot, Inspector." Mrs. Graves answered Jim Kirkwood's question, suppressing a sob.

"I distinctly heard two shots. There was an interval of about one minute between." Peters, the butler, replied coolly.

"And what about you, Mr. Graves? You're the dead man's brother, aren't you?"

"Yes, Inspector. He was the youngest in the family—I don't know why—er—you asked me about the shots. Perhaps I was more wide awake than the others—but I believe there were three shots fired."

"And would you say that there was a one minute interval between both shots, Mr. Graves?" Kirkwood glanced speculatively at the three persons before him. He saw the butler's eyes narrow with interest. Graves' brow furrowed in thought.

"I can't say exactly. Yes, yes, now that you bring it to my attention—there was some time between shots. Of course, I rose immediately and came downstairs. It took some time to compose myself, I suppose. In my nervousness, I may not have noticed. I am not a good man in emergencies, Inspector—very high-strung."

"Of course, I understand." The detective took a cigarette from his case and let it dangle from his lip.

"Light, Inspector?" Before the butler could administer his usual duty, Graves had applied a match to Jim's cigarette.

"Thank you, sir. And now it's my unpleasant duty to ask you all to remain here while I make a survey of the house. Mrs.

Graves, I know it is an ordeal for you to stay in this room, where your husband met his untimely death—but it is necessary. If I were you I wouldn't keep staring at the shattered mirror. It only makes you feel worse."

He helped the weeping woman into a deep chair and offered his handkerchief to supplant her own small, wringing wet one. She sobbed incessantly.

Leaving Graves to comfort her and the butler standing stiffly as though awaiting some final order, Kirkwood left the room with Cassidy, known to the force as the Doubtful Dick.

"What do you think, Cassidy. Was it one of them?"

"I doubt it."

"Yeah? Why?" asked Jim, a slightly patronizing smile playing about his lips.

"Well, it couldn't be Graves. He wouldn't have any reason to murder his own brother. And a guy with a shake like that—did you see how his hand trembled when he lit your match? Palsey! Why he couldn't hit an elephant at two paces!"

Kirkwood opened the door into Mrs. Graves' bedroom. "What about the little woman? I've heard she and the Mr. weren't hitting it off so well. He was too busy for her. Never gave her any time or affection. He was working on his books in the study the night he was killed."

"Yeah?" Cassidy puzzled a moment over that one. "But she only said there was one shot. Now we know it was two because the mirror was smashed by one and Graves was killed by the other. If she'd have done it, she'd have known there was two."

"M-mmm. Nice going, so far." Jim was rummaging through all the drawers filled with pink silks and satins. "And there's no sign of a concealed weapon in this room. Well, that leaves Peters."

"Aw, he's acting too suspicious to really be the one. Of course, he knew there were two shots—Hey, it could be him! But I doubt it."

They were in the garage whose open doors faced the window of the murder room before Kirkwood spoke again. Cassidy was twitching with impatience to hear the Inspector's verdict on his diagnosis.

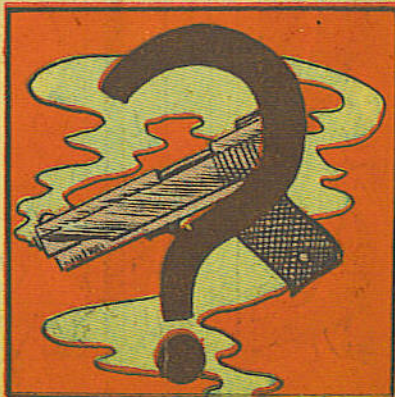
"Well, I'll tell you about people acting suspicious. You can never go on that, Cassidy. Look at Mrs. Graves, for instance. For a woman who was purportedly about to sue for a divorce, she's putting on a grand act of grief in there. Methinks the lady doth protest too much."

"Yeah, that's right. I never thought of that. Then you think it was her and not Peters?"

"I didn't say anything of the kind. As for the two shots, Peters was wrong about that. There were three."

"Three! Then—"

"Then I have to find one bit of evidence and I'll confront the



murderer with it. I'm sure Peters was right about the one minute intervals. If I could only find—"

"What, Inspector?" Cassidy's voice rose to a high pitch in his state of curiosity.

He was answered by a curt order to search the incinerator in the backyard, while Jim ducked into the cellar. It was half an hour later, after he had not only dumped all the rubbish and ashes but pulled up every plant in the flower beds and thoroughly wrecked the garden so that it looked like the East End of London after a night's raid, that he came tearing into the house and up to Kirkwood.

"Now, I get it, Inspector. I found what you were looking for—but which one—?"

"Come on in and I'll show you," said Jim, snatching a black object from Cassidy's hand and leading him into the room where the three suspects waited.

"To begin with," Kirkwood faced the three questioning pairs of eyes, "none of you heard any shots."

Peters' eyebrows arched but his manner did not change. Mrs.

Graves gave a little cry of protest. The dead man's brother wore a mixed expression of interest and bewilderment.

"What you heard, Mrs. Graves, was the bullets contact with the mirror—it must have shattered quickly, like the report of an automatic. Peters, whose room overlooks the garage, heard a tire blow out as a bullet sped through this open window, didn't he, Mr. Graves?"

Graves rose and the blood was red in his face. "Why ask me—I'm sure I don't know—I thought I heard three shots, that's all."

"But how could you, Mr. Graves, when you shot them all with this silencer on your gun?" Kirkwood thrust the metal gun cover into Graves' trembling hand.

"You didn't fool me with that palsey act. I'm somewhat of a medical student and recognized that phoney shiver. You may have been nervous enough to miss two shots—but you were calm about reloading—you had to, because you were using this silencer. An illegal attachment, I might add."

Graves clenched the incriminating object in his fist and then

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with the speed of a striking cobra, hurled it in Kirkwood's face. But Cassidy's worth was made evident at once. He flew into a graceful tackle and spread the murderer on the rug. In a moment he was squatting on the man's chest, pinning his arms beneath thick, muscular legs.

"I doubt there's any doubt about his guilt, Inspector," said Cassidy with a broad grin.

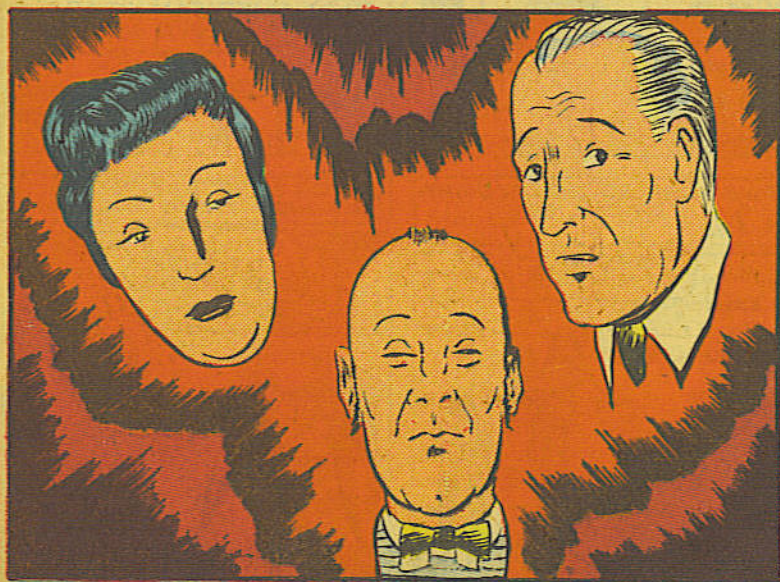
"Just one little item. Graves, why did you do it?"

Graves wouldn't talk, but Mrs. Graves had ceased her sobbing and spoke.

"Their father's money had been left to my husband. We had been unhappy and I found that I wanted to marry his brother. I would have been willing to live without so much money—but Fred didn't feel that way—so he—Oh, Inspector, when I learned that Tom had been killed—I knew what a mistake I had made—but I didn't dare say anything—"

Later Cassidy was rehashing the events in his mind. "But I still don't get how you were so sure it was Graves. It could have been some one else."

"Sure—and I didn't know—I just had to take a chance and confront him with the evidence. It was a shot in the dark—in a way. Only by that time it wasn't so very dark."



G-5 SUPER AGENT

By
Cary
Weyte

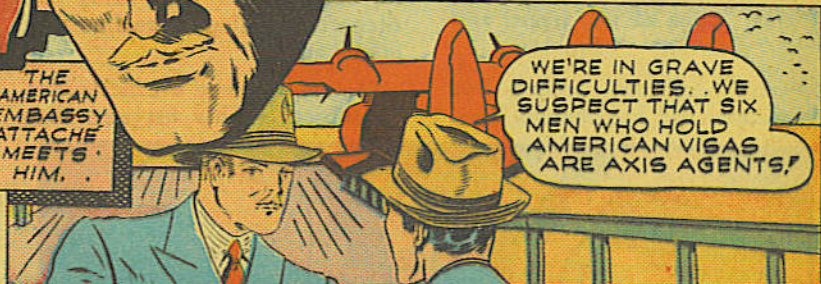


LISBON, PORTUGAL, IS THE SOLE WAR-FREE PORT IN EUROPE. HERE PITIFUL REFUGEES BEG, PRAY OR DIE IN THE MAD SCRAMBLE FOR AMERICAN VISAS... G-5, FAMED INTERNATIONAL AGENT, UNCOVERS FRAUD BEHIND THE SCENES.

TRAVELING AS AN AMERICAN NEWS PHOTOGRAPHER, G-5 LANDS IN LISBON.

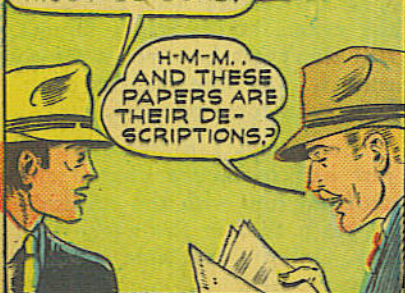


THE AMERICAN EMBASSY ATTACHE MEETS HIM.



WE'RE IN GRAVE DIFFICULTIES. WE SUSPECT THAT SIX MEN WHO HOLD AMERICAN VISAS ARE AXIS AGENTS.

IN THAT CASE THEY MUST NOT ENTER AMERICA! YOU'RE TO GET PICTURES OF THESE MEN AND SEND THEM TO THE B.I. IN LONDON. WE MUST BE SURE!



H-M-M... AND THESE PAPERS ARE THEIR DESCRIPTIONS?

G-5 MEMORIZES THE DESCRIPTIONS... LATER ON LISBON SQUARE.



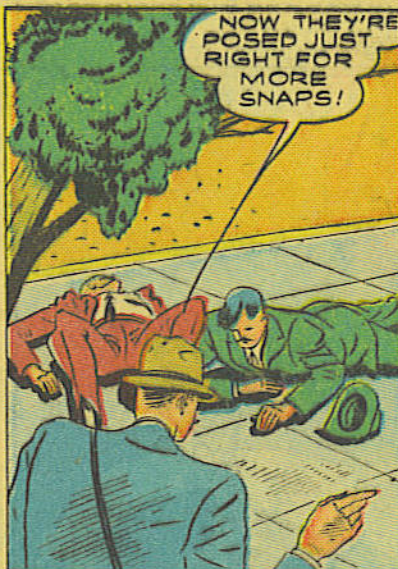
THERE ARE TWO OF MY MEN.

BEFORE THE SUSPECTS CAN HIDE THEIR FACES...



GOOD, I'VE GOT THEIR PICTURES!

IN FURY, THE TWO MEN
ATTACK G-5. BUT HE IS
TOO FAST FOR THEM..



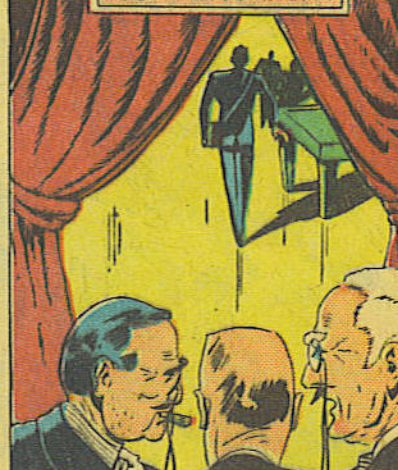
BEFORE THE BATTERED
MEN CAN RISE, G-5 HAS
SNAPPED A FULL ROLL OF
THEM..



THEN HE HEADS FOR THE
CASINO.



INSIDE, THREE MONOCLED,
MUSTACHED MEN HOLD A
CONVERSATION.



GOLLY! ALL MY SUSPECTS
ARE AT THE CASINO
TONIGHT!.. HERE'S
ANOTHER!



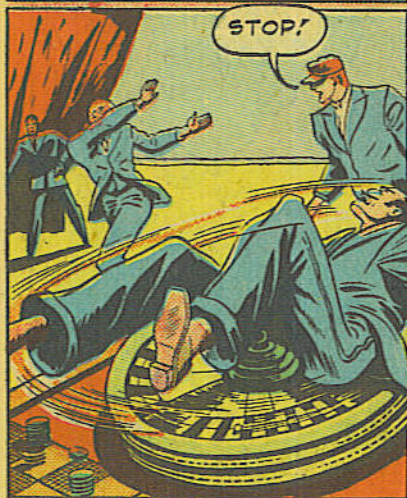
THE ROULETTE WHEEL STOPS.



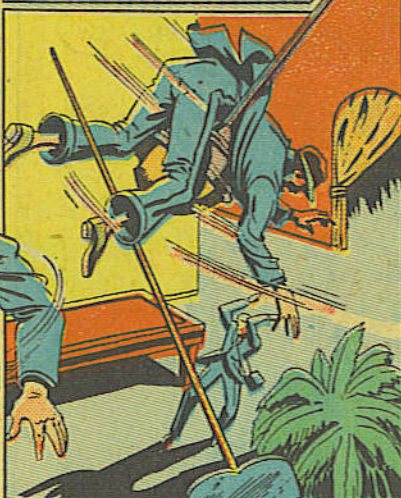
THE GAMBLER LUNGES AT
G-5.. HE REACHES FOR
THE TELL-TALE CAMERA..



BUT WITH A HEALTHY SHOVE, G-5 SENDS THE SPY FLYING TO THE ROULETTE WHEEL...



HE TOSSES THE CROUPIER HIGH ONTO THE SWINGING CHANDELIER...

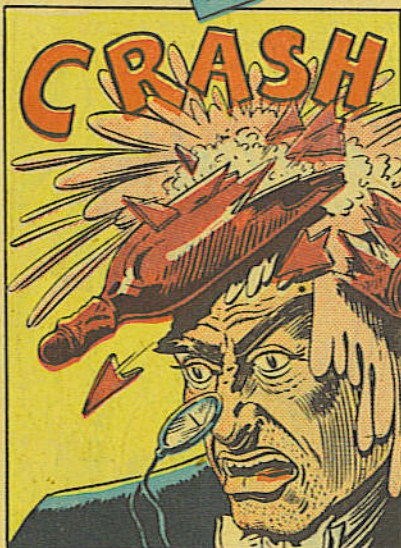


SUDDENLY...

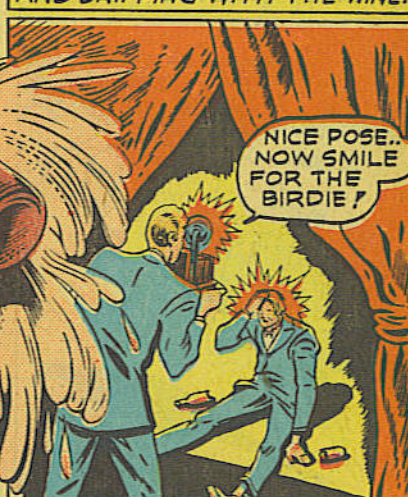
SOMEONE'S FIRING FROM BEHIND THAT PLANT!



HE GRABS A WINE BOTTLE, AND...



THE AXIS SPY FALLS, DAZED AND DRIPPING WITH THE WINE.



AS G-5 TURNS TO GO, AN ANGRY MOB CONFRONTS HIM...



IN A FLASH, G-5 BACKS FROM THE MENACING MOB AND DODGES DOWN THE BROAD MARBLE STAIRWAY...



I'VE GOT THE PHOTOS.. GET THEM TO A DARK ROOM.. QUICK!



NEITHER G-5 NOR THE ATTACHÉ SEE TWO SINISTER FIGURES UNTIL...



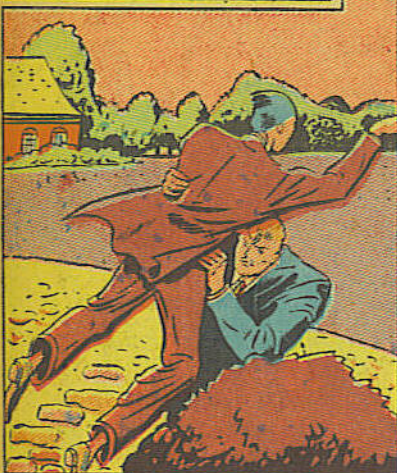
THEY DROP FROM THEIR TREETOP PERCH.



FURIOUSLY, THE INTENDED VICTIMS MEET THE ASSAULT...



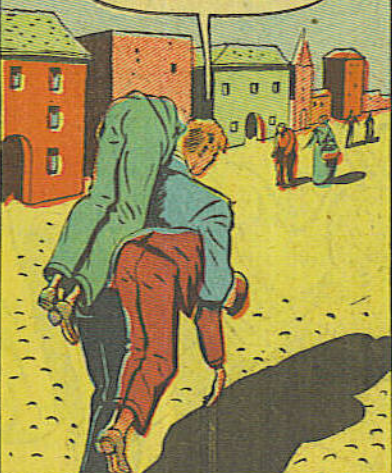
THE TWO SPIES ARE TOUGH CUSTOMERS TO HANDLE...



BUT G-5 USES SPEEDY STRATEGY TO OVERCOME THEM.



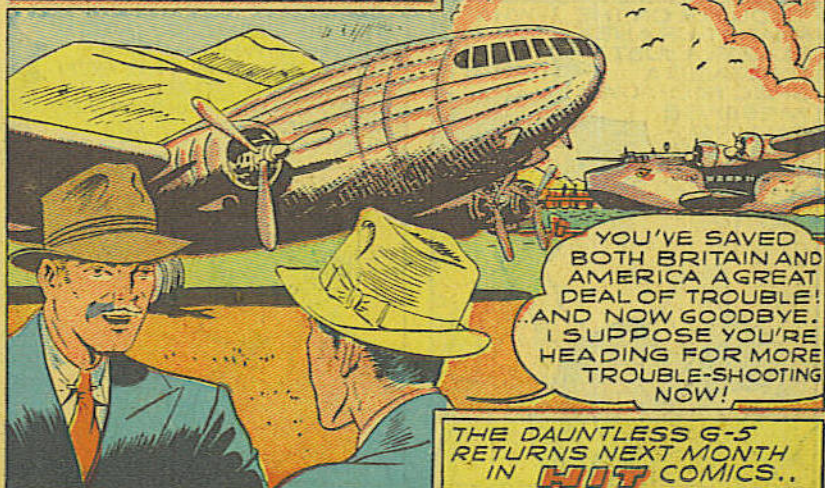
THE POLICE WILL RELISH THESE PACKAGES!



HE MEETS THE GENDARMES.

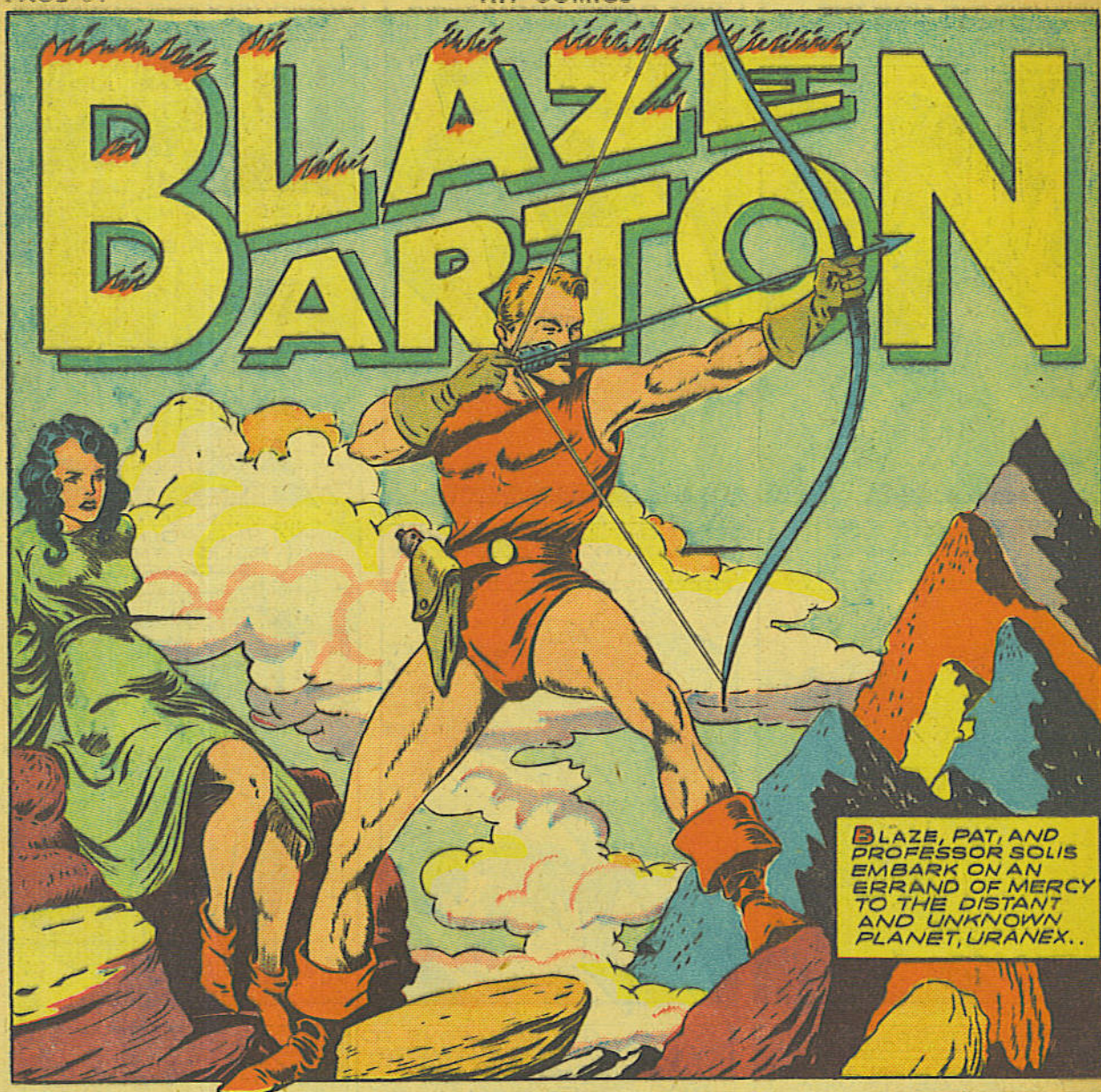


LATER.. G-5 RETURNS TO LISBON AIRPORT, WHERE THE ATTACHÉ THANKS HIM PROFUSELY.



YOU'VE SAVED BOTH BRITAIN AND AMERICA A GREAT DEAL OF TROUBLE! AND NOW GOODBYE. I SUPPOSE YOU'RE HEADING FOR MORE TROUBLE-SHOOTING NOW!

THE DAUNTLESS G-5 RETURNS NEXT MONTH IN **HIT** COMICS..



BLAZE, PAT, AND PROFESSOR SOLIS EMBARK ON AN ERRAND OF MERCY TO THE DISTANT AND UNKNOWN PLANET, URANEX..

TROUBLE ON THE PLANET URANEX, BLAZE...I JUST RECEIVED A SPECTRO-FLASH MESSAGE CALLING FOR HELP!

WHAT'S WRONG THERE, PROF?



URANEX IS NOW INHABITED BY THE REINCARNATED PEOPLE WHO WERE DESTROYED IN THE SUN SCORCH OF 5029 A.D.! THEY ARE RAVAGED BY AN EPIDEMIC OF AN UNKNOWN DISEASE!



WE MUST HELP THEM, PROFESSOR!

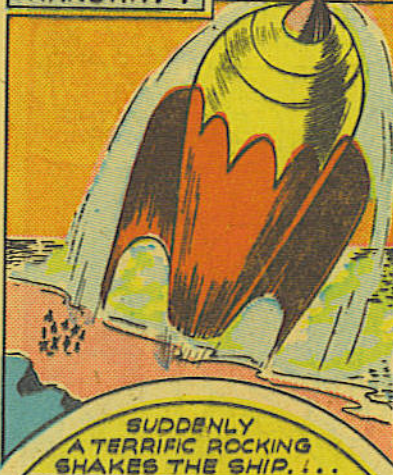
YES...YOU CHECK UP ON OUR SHIP AND I'LL PREPARE THE QUININE CONCENTRATE FOR SHIPMENT!



AS BLAZE AND THE PROFESSOR WORK, PAT HECKLES TO GO ALONG.



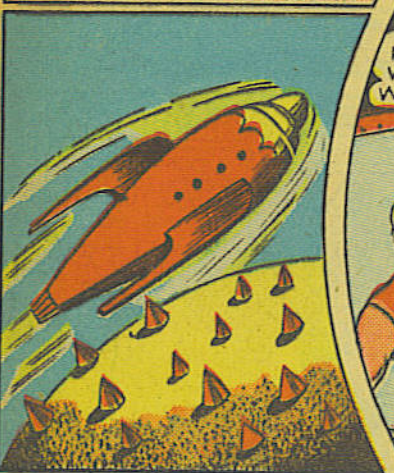
AND SO THEY ROAR INTO THE UNKNOWN.



WHILE PLOTTERS WATCH. . .



SEVERAL DAYS LATER, THE ROCKET PASSES MERCURY.



WHAT'S WRONG, PROFESSOR? WE'RE FALLING! WHAT'S WRONG?

QUICKLY, BLAZE! CONNECT THE PHOTO-MAGNETIC COMPASS! THE STABILIZERS ARE FALLING OFF!

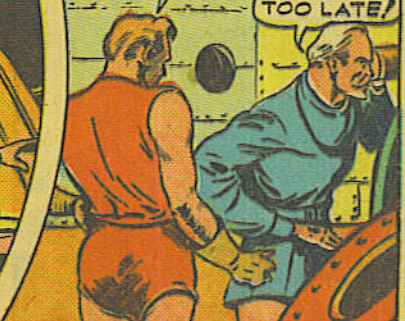
OH! WE'LL CRASH!



AGAIN PROFESSOR SOLIS'S KNOWLEDGE SAVES THEM FROM CERTAIN DEATH AS THEY NEAR THE PLANET URANEX. . .

WE'RE ALMOST THERE, AREN'T WE, PROFESSOR?

YOU'RE RIGHT. I HOPE WE'RE NOT TOO LATE!



AS THE PARTY LANDS, THEY'RE MET BY A STRANGE SIGHT. . .



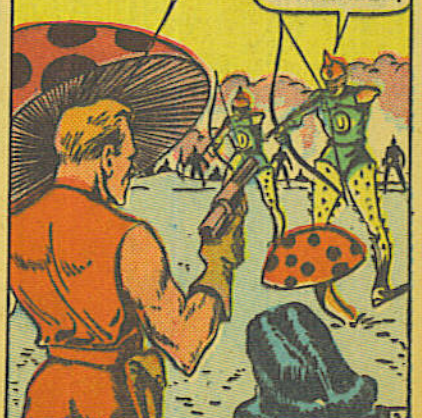
HERE COME THE NATIVES TO PROTECT US AGAINST THE BEASTS!



BUT.

THEY'RE SHOOTING AT US AS WELL AS THE BEASTS. MY GUN WILL TAKE CARE OF THEM. HEY! IT DOESN'T WORK!

SURRENDER!



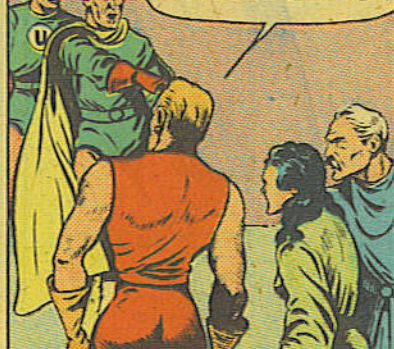
AT THAT MOMENT CHIEF AREU STEPS FORWARD...



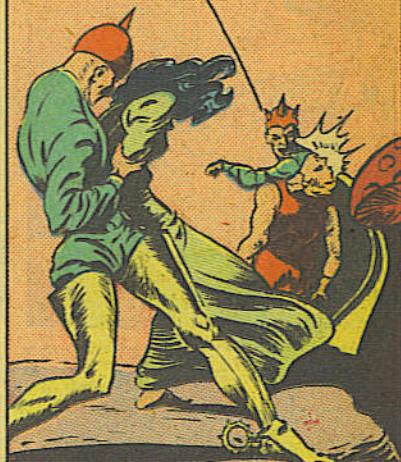
STOP SHOOTING, MEN!... SURROUND THE SHIP!

DID YOU COME FROM THE EARTH? ANSWER ME!

YES, WE DID AND WE BROUGHT THE SERUM! BUT WHY THIS FRIGID RECEPTION?



YOU SHALL SOON FIND OUT.. WE'LL USE YOU AS GUINEA PIGS TO SEE IF THE SERUM WORKS! GRAB THE GIRL!



NOT WHILE I'M ALIVE, YOU UNGRATEFUL RAT!

OWW!

THIS'LL TEACH YOU BETTER MANNERS!



FINDING AN OPENING, THE VICIOUS TOAD-WOLVES ATTACK..



LOOK OUT, YOU FOOL! I DON'T KNOW WHY I'M SAVING YOU!



HELP!

THE ARROW STRIKES!

WOW-WR! WROW-W!



YOU'VE SAVED MY LIFE! I SHALL RELEASE THE PROFESSOR AND LET YOU GO, BUT YOU MUST GIVE US THE SERUM!

NOW YOU'RE TALKING! IT'S A DEAL!



THE PROFESSOR IS SOON RETURNED TO HIS FRIENDS.

YOU KNOW, BLAZE, IT'S AMAZING! THESE URANEXANS ARE REALLY THE LOST SOULS OF THE EARTH AND I'D LIKE TO STUDY THEM CLOSER... BUT.

BUT WHAT, PROF?



BUT BLAZE AND HIS PARTY ARE UNAWARE OF THE DICTATORSHIP THAT HAS USURPED POWER ON EARTH.

WE SHALL RULE THE EARTH NOW! DOWN WITH SCIENCE AND CULTURE! DOWN WITH DEMOCRACY!



THE SHARP TEETH OF THE TOAD-WOLF SUFFICE TO THROW THE DICTATORS INTO A PANIC...

RUN! BEFORE THAT BEAST GETS US!



WE MUST GET BACK TO EARTH NOW! THE ATMOSPHERE OF THIS PLANET IS OVERLOADED WITH HYDROGEN, AND UNLESS WE HURRY WE'LL SUCCUMB TO THE DREADED DISEASE!



THEY HEAD BACK.



IT IS DARK ON EARTH... BETTER SO! NO RECEPTION COMMITTEES! WE'RE TIRED!

WHAT IS THIS? A REVOLUTION?

THERE THEY ARE! KILL THEM!

DEMOCRATIC FOOLS!



AS THE SHIP LANDS...

I'VE RELEASED THE LOYAL GUARDS. I HAD THE KEYS WITH ME!

GOOD GIRL, PAT!



BEFORE YOU LEAVE I'D LIKE TO PRESENT YOU WITH A CAGED TOAD-WOLF. IT MAY BE USEFUL ON EARTH!

THANK YOU!



COME ON, WOLF! DO YOUR STUFF! THEY'RE ONLY A COUPLE OF EMPTY WIND-BAGS! COME ON! GET THEM!



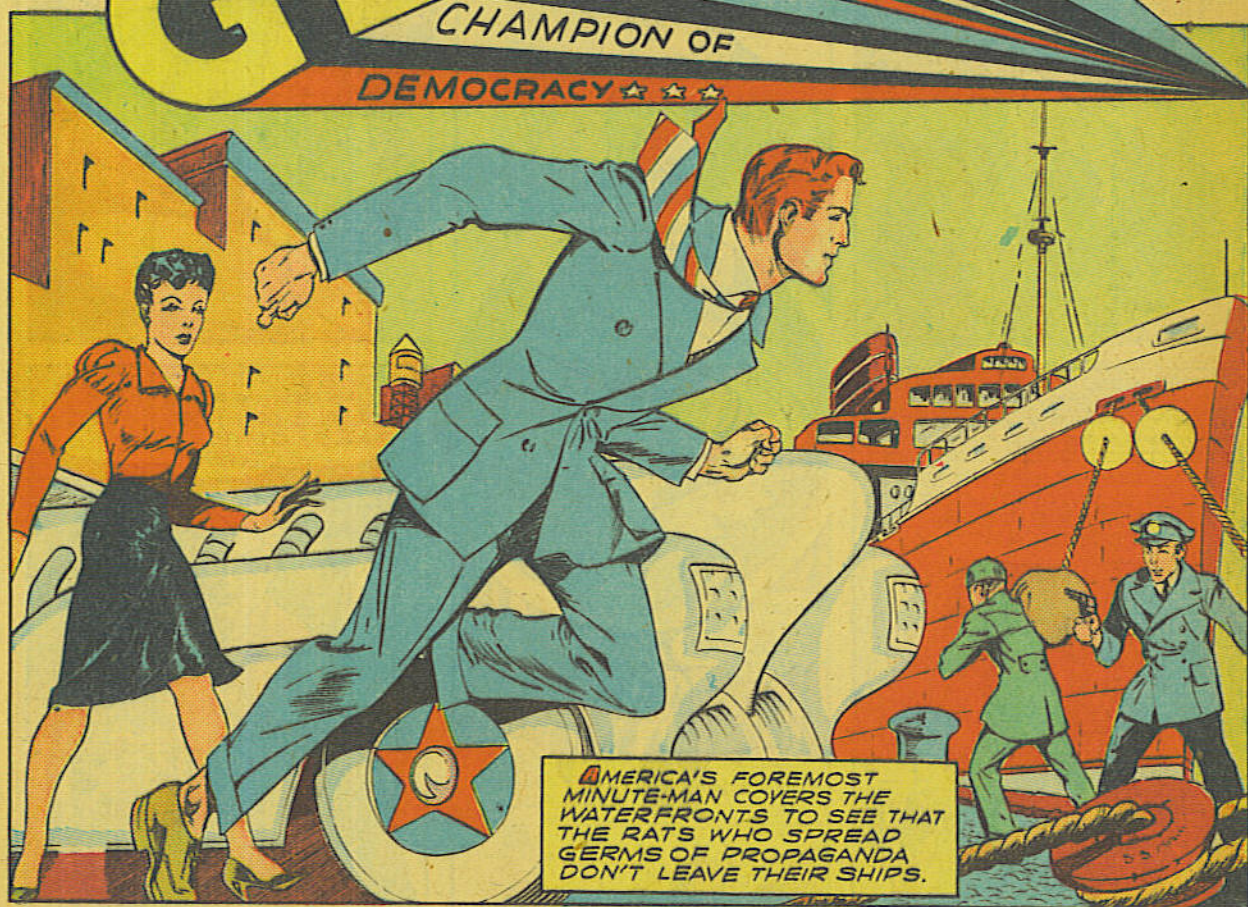
I'VE ORDERED THE POLICE TO ROUND UP ALL THOSE WOULD-BE DICTATORS!

THEY'RE COWARDS. JUST SHOW THEM YOUR POWER AND THEY'LL RUN FOR COVER!

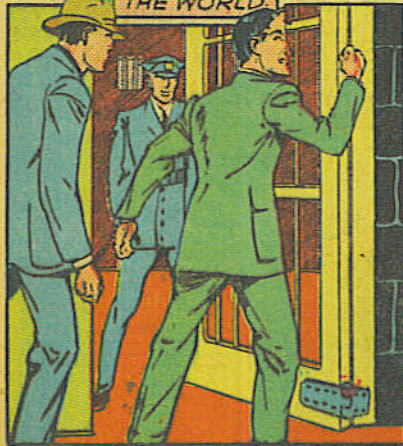


DON GLORY

By
Lincoln Ross

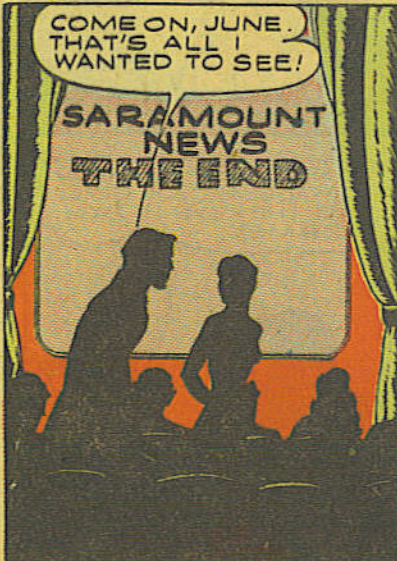


WHILE G-MEN LEAD MAX CUNE, LEADER OF THE YELLOW SHIRTS TO JAIL, THE FIFTH COLUMNIST SHAKES AN ANGRY FIST AT THE WORLD.



COME ON, JUNE. THAT'S ALL I WANTED TO SEE!

**SARACOUNT NEWS
THE END**



THAT'S NOT THE LAST OF THE YELLOW SHIRTS.. THEY'LL IMPORT A NEW LEADER FROM ABROAD.. MAYBE I COULD..

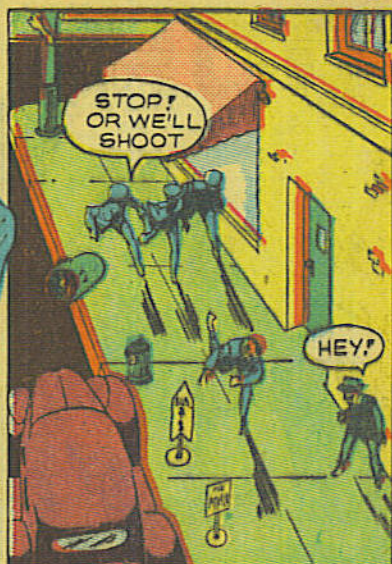
NOW, DON, DON'T LOOK FOR TROUBLE!



NEXT DAY SEES DON IN A HUDDLE WITH THE PATROLMEN ON YORK STREET.



A FEW MINUTES LATER DON RACES DOWN THE STREET..THE COPS ON HIS HEELS.

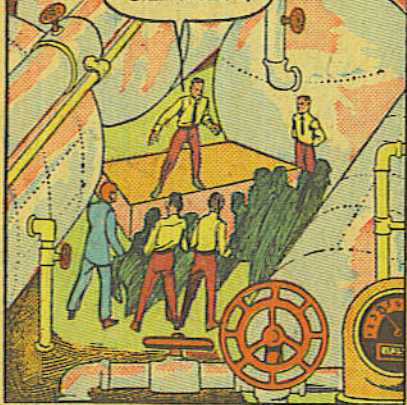


DON DUCKS INTO SCHNITZEL'S BUTCHER SHOP.



THE YELLOW SHIRTS MEET IN AN OLD BREWERY.

SCHNITZEL WILL GO TO THE DOCKS TO MEET OUR NEW LEADERS..THEY CAME FROM THE FATHERLAND AS SEAMEN?



I TAKE YOU NOW TO SHOW YOU VOT FINE MEN IS LEADING DER "SHIRTS"?

AS SCHNITZEL TAKES DON GLORY ALONG.

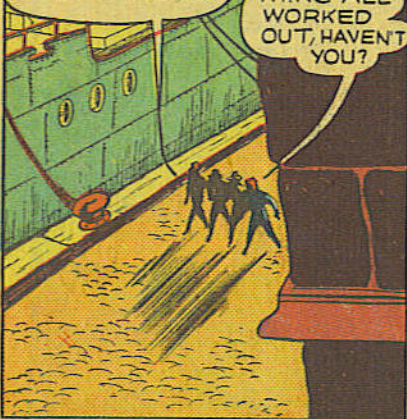


HELLO? VELCOME TO AMERICA!

GREETINGS FROM DER FATHERLAND?

WE'LL TAKE CHARGE AT ONCE! THE PLANS ARE READY FOR SABOTAGE AND WRECKING..THE FIRST THING IS..

GOT EVERYTHING ALL WORKED OUT, HAVEN'T YOU?



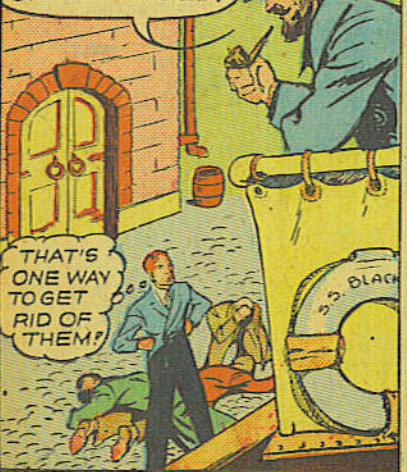
BUT THERE'S ONE THING YOU DIDN'T FIGURE ON!

AND DON THROWS A WRENCH IN THE PLANS



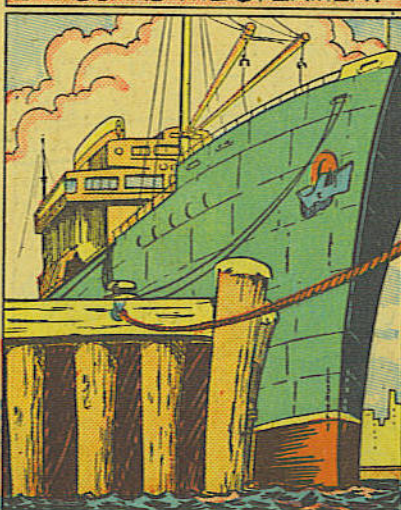
..A GOOD OLD AMERICAN LEFT HOOK TO THE JAW!

NICE LITTLE SCRAP, SON..I COULD USE THOSE MEN IN MY CREW..I'M SHORT HANDED?



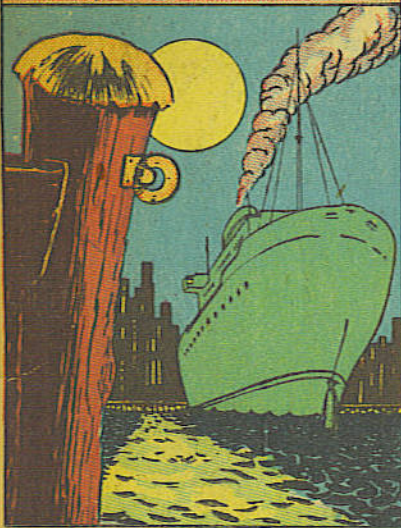
THAT'S ONE WAY TO GET RID OF THEM!

THE UNCONSCIOUS ANTI-AMERICAN ORGANIZERS ARE SPIRITED ABOARD THE STEAMER.

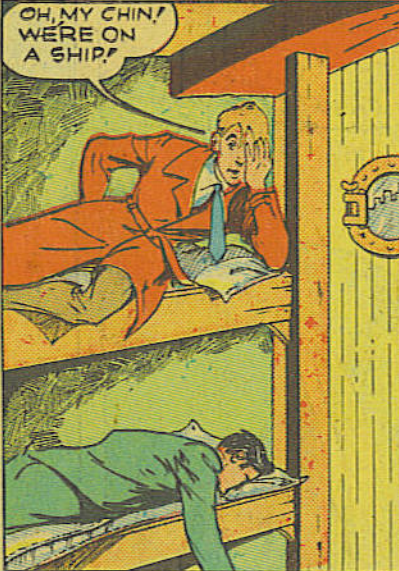


NOW FOR SOME UNFINISHED BUSINESS

WITH THE YELLOW SHIRT LEADERS ABOARD, THE SHIP STEAMS OUT...



OH, MY CHIN! WERE ON A SHIP!



I MUST WARN THE YELLOW SHIRTS!



THE LEADER LEAPS OVER-BOARD...

THE NEW LEADERS WERE DELAYED..MR. SCHNITZEL SAID HE'D WAIT FOR THEM!



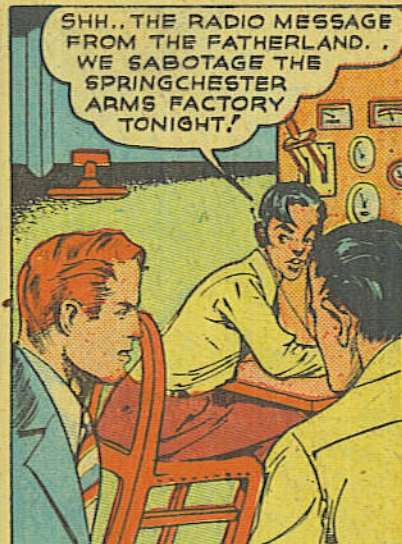
MEANWHILE DON GLORY IS BACK AT THE BREWERY HIDEOUT..

WE HAVE DECIDED TO MAKE YOU ONE OF OUR STORM TROOPERS.. WE WANT BIG, STRONG MEN FOR THE ORGANIZATION!



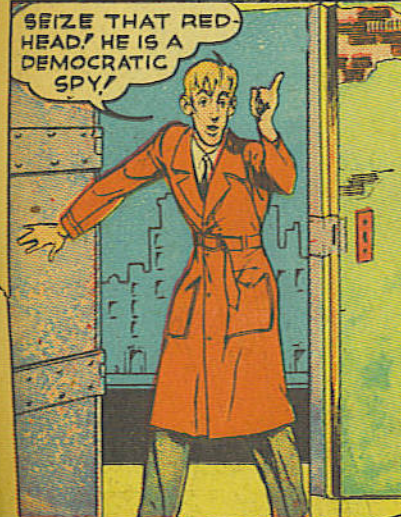
I WANT TO WORK ON..I MEAN FOR YOU.

SHH..THE RADIO MESSAGE FROM THE FATHERLAND.. WE SABOTAGE THE SPRINGCHESTER ARMS FACTORY TONIGHT!

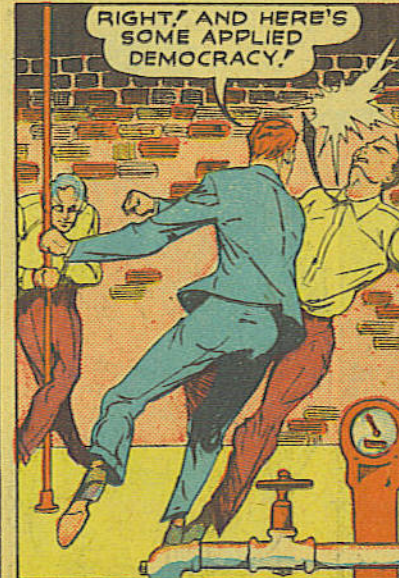


SUDDENLY A DRIPPING FIGURE APPEARS IN THE DOORWAY..

SEIZE THAT RED HEAD! HE IS A DEMOCRATIC SPY!

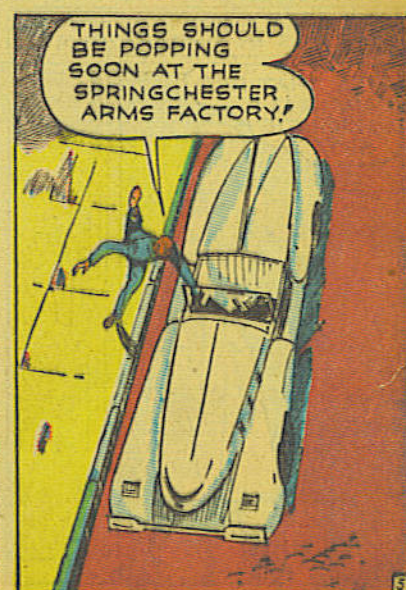
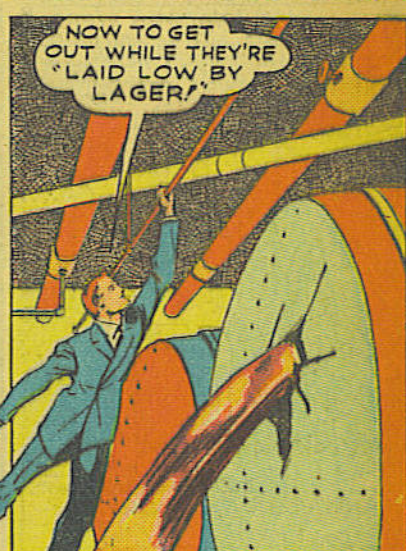
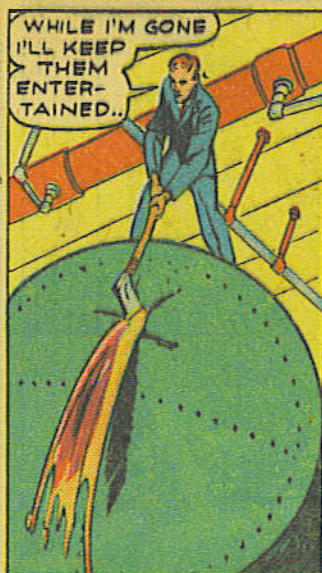
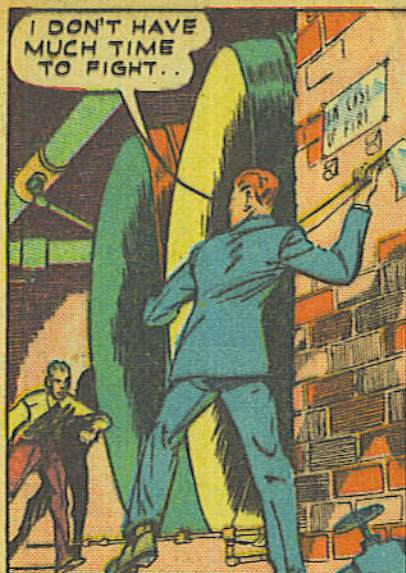


RIGHT! AND HERE'S SOME APPLIED DEMOCRACY!



GET AWAY FROM THAT RADIO. YOU'RE NOT GOING TO WARN YOUR HENCHMEN!



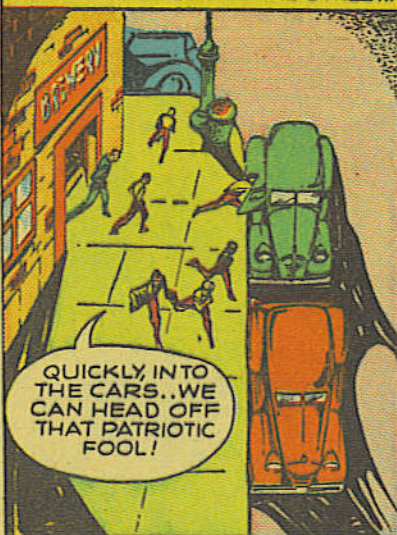


AS THE GLORY ROADSTER PICKS UP SPEED, DON TURNS ON THE SHORTWAVE SENDING APPARATUS.

ATTENTION F.B.I.! SABOTAGE AT SPRINGCHESTER! AM SPEEDING THERE! DON GLORY..

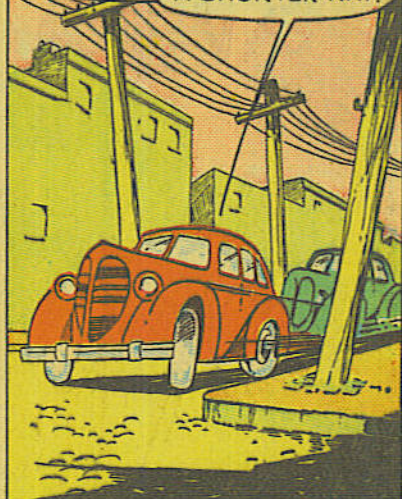


THE SPIES DASH INTO THE STREET.



QUICKLY, INTO THE CARS..WE CAN HEAD OFF THAT PATRIOTIC FOOL!

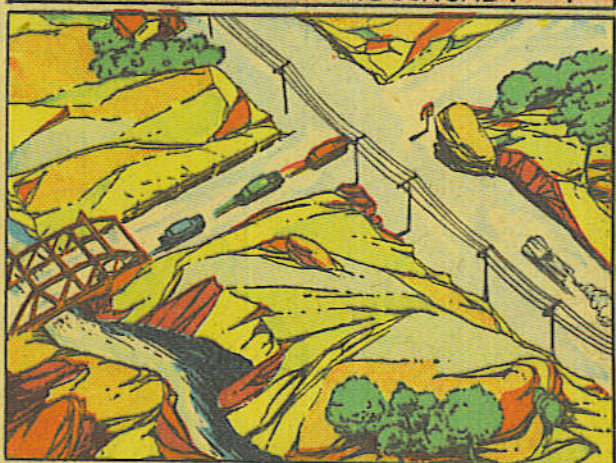
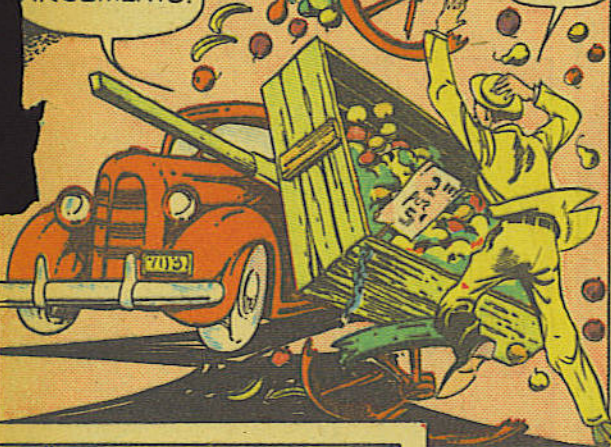
HE'S TAKING THE MAIN ROAD! THIS SIDE ROUTE IS A SHORTER WAY!



DRIVE ON.. WE CAN'T STOP FOR ANY ARGUMENTS!

MENAGGA! MY BANANI!

DON GLORY AND HIS BATTLE WAGON SOON APPROACH AN INTERSECTION..TO HIS AMAZEMENT, THE YELLOW SHIRTS' AUTOS APPEAR FROM THE CROSSROAD.

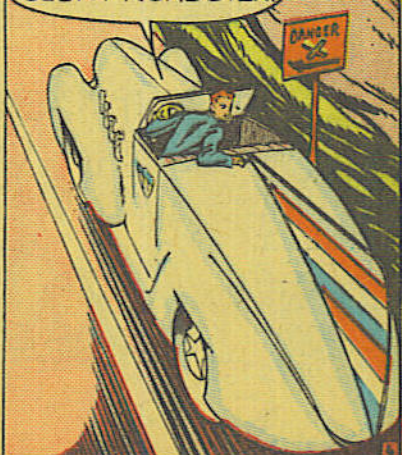


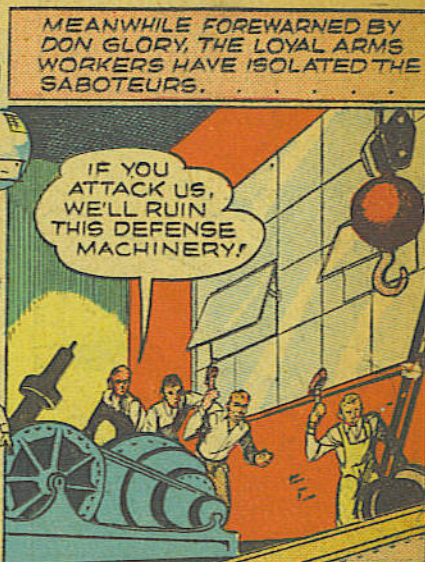
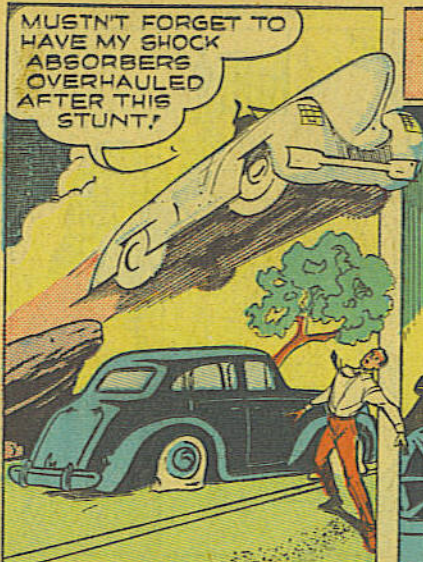
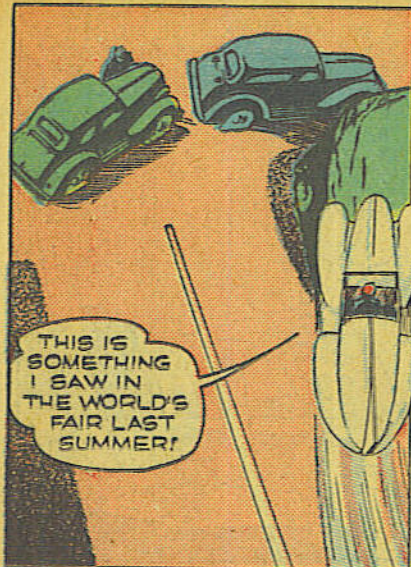
THEY WORKED FAST! NOW THEY'VE BARRICADED THE ROAD AND ARE TRYING TO SHOOT MY TIRES!

I KNOW A TRICK OR TWO! MY TIRES ARE BULLET-PROOF! BUT THEIR'S AREN'T!



I'LL BACK UP AND GIVE MYSELF A RUNNING START.. THEN SEE IF THEY CAN STOP THE GLORY ROADSTER!

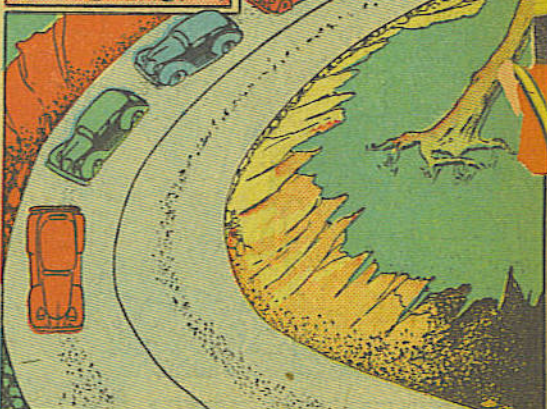




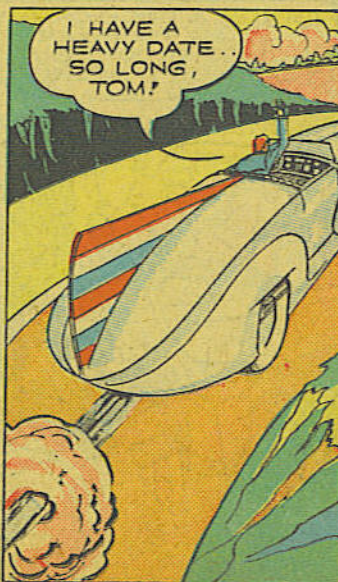
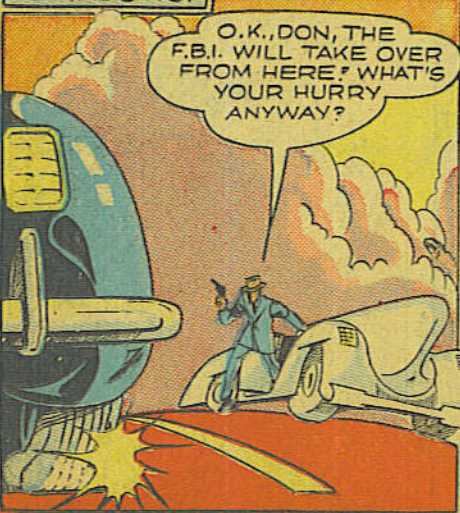
THE METEORIC ARRIVAL OF DON GLORY UPSETS THE CAREFULLY LAID PLANS OF THE SUBVERSIVE AGENTS.



THE YELLOW SHIRTS ATTEMPT TO FLEE ON THEIR BULLETRIDDED TIRES. SOON THEY ARE LABORIOUSLY CLANKING ALONG ON THE RIMS.



DON QUICKLY OVERTAKES THE LINE OF CARS. TOM REYNOLDS, OF THE F.B.I., ALIGHTS.



DON GLORY HITS HARD AT DEMOCRACY'S ENEMIES IN THE NEXT **HIT COMICS**